

MERRY ENGLAND

JUNE, 1888.

Old English Catholic Missions.

ON the 13th of September, 1836, a Royal Commission was issued for the purpose of enquiring "into the state, custody, and authenticity of any such Records of Births or Baptisms, Deaths or Burials, and Marriages lawfully solemnized," as had been formerly kept in England and Wales, "other than the Parochial Registers;" as also for enquiring what measures could be adopted for their collection, arrangement, and final deposit within the office of the Registrar-General.

On the 26th of October, in the following year, this Commission was renewed, and a Secretary appointed, who, by letters addressed to dissenting ministers and others having custody of such Registers, acquainted them with the existence and object of the Commission itself, while,—what is more to our purpose,—the Commissioners, in their Report, dated 18 June, 1838, add that "communications to a similar effect were also addressed to the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church." These prelates at this time were the Rt. Revv. Peter Augustine Baines, John Briggs, Thomas Griffiths, and Thomas Walsh, respectively Vicars Apostolic of the Western, Northern, London and Midland Districts. Further on, however, the Report proceeds as follows :

"The Roman Catholic prelates have declined to deliver up,

or to authorize the inferior clergy of their persuasion to deliver up any registers in their possession, partly on account of the omissions and defects incident to records made and preserved for so many years, with so much danger and difficulty under the severe pressure of the penal laws, and, partly also on account of the practical inconvenience that would result from depriving the Roman Catholic clergy of the custody of Records to which frequent reference is made for purposes purely religious and canonical."

The language of this extract may be taken as undoubtedly that employed by the Bishops in their reply to the Commissioners, yet, strange to say, within little more than two years from this date, *i.e.*, in the autumn of 1840, seventy-eight old Catholic Mission Registers were forwarded by the clergy to the Authorities at Somerset House. Still more perplexing is the fact that one of these registers, that *viz.* of St. Mary's Crathorne in Yorkshire, as will appear hereafter, is accompanied by a letter signed by Bishop Briggs himself, shewing that the removal of the register in question was with his Lordship's full knowledge and concurrence.

From all this then, and from what follows, it will be evident that some considerable difference of opinion must have prevailed amongst the Catholic hierarchy as to the expediency of allowing the registers to change hands by passing from the cupboards of the presbytery into the apparently safer custody afforded by the fire-proof rooms in Somerset House. Moreover, it was but natural that a sort of jealous reluctance—not to say alarm—should have existed in many quarters at the very notion of parting with original and authentic records of Catholic life to a Government whose predecessors, not so very long before, would have condemned to death the custodian of each register for the mere fact of his being a priest.

Another cause of confusion and misunderstanding must surely also have arisen from the wording of a clause in the Commission, wherein it is suggested that the Registers, "*or copies thereof,*" might eventually find their way to the Registrar-General's office.

Accordingly, we find, for example, the priest of Berwick-on-Tweed writing to the Commissioners when forwarding his registers, "Please, have the kindness to return them after inspection." These words, however, are afterwards erased. A venerable priest, also, who is still living, and who in 1840 had the charge of a country mission, most obligingly writes to me as follows :

. . . "I received an order from the Bishop, Dr. Griffiths, to send the Baptismal Register to Somerset House, which I did, with the request that as soon as they had *copied* or inspected it they would send it back ; they did so almost immediately, informing me that it was no use to them, unless I would allow them to keep the original book : I am surprised to learn that you found any of the original Catholic Registers at Somerset House. As well as I recollect, there was a general order from the Bishop that the priests who sent the Registers should request their immediate return."

Pasted inside a register, now at St. Thomas', Canterbury, is a paper stating that it too had on the same occasion experienced a similar double journey. This was probably the register kept at Hales Place. The fact, also, of the retention of one of the Durham Registers, noticed in its place, affords too, further evidence of an existing reluctance to part with them.

It is very evident at any rate, that there was a warrantable belief prevalent among the Catholic clergy at that time that *copies* of their Registers were to be made at Somerset House and the Originals afterwards returned. Be this, however, as it may, another Commission was issued on 1st January, 1857, having the same objects as those already mentioned. Overtures were again made—this time to Cardinal Wiseman—to obtain possession of the Catholic Registers, with what result, however, the subjoined reply of His Eminence will shew :

(*Cardinal Wiseman to the Registrar General.*)

SIR,

Leyton, Essex, April 8, 1856.

In reply to your note of the 5th instant, referring me to your communication of the 20th October of last year, I beg to

say that the subject to which they both relate is one on which I could not give an answer without consulting my fellow bishops.

As they all met in London last week for the first time since I had the honour of hearing from you in October, I embraced the opportunity of bringing before them your proposal that our Catholic Registers of Baptisms and Marriages should be deposited in the Registrar General's Office.

It is necessary to observe that almost continual applications are made from the Continent and from America to us for certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and Marriage, both for legal and (still oftener) for ecclesiastical purposes. Persons about to receive Orders or to marry require the two first, and the third is wanted to determine succession.

In Catholic countries no merely civil certificate is sufficient for such purposes. Any such document must be extracted from the Register by the priest in charge of the church or chapel where the entry was made, and it must be accompanied by a declaration, signed and sealed by the Catholic bishop, that the person whose signature is affixed holds such office, and is entitled to full credence.

Were the Registers to pass out of the custody of the priest in charge of the place to which they belonged, it would be necessary for the priest to come up to London, say from Manchester, to verify any extract, or to make it himself, every time a certificate was applied for to him from abroad. This would be a serious expense and inconvenience.

So particular are authorities abroad as to the forms of these documents being conformable to those prescribed in the Roman Ritual, that they have been sent back from Italy, and even from Brazil, because some formality was wanting, or some omission occurred from peculiar usages of our own (*e.g.* omission of a parochial seal), and I have had to make particular declarations to make the document valid or efficient. I need not add that these forms and certificates are universally in Latin. I may also, however, observe that throughout the Catholic Church a Bishop is, by virtue of his office, a Prothonotary Apostolic, so that his signature and seal require no further verification or authentication.

To show to what extent this condition of things may proceed, I will mention that some time (perhaps two years) ago a Hungarian nobleman came to England and married a Protestant lady in a Protestant Church. On returning home he found that his marriage was not recognised, the Protestant minister's certificate not being recognised, and he applied to me to give him a declaration of his marriage as valid before the Church here, based upon

the Protestant certificate. This, of course, I was obliged to decline doing, having no official cognizance of the signature, nor any relation with the officiating parties.

At this moment I have before me an application from a highly respectable advocate at Madrid to disprove, as far as possible, an alleged marriage twenty years ago, which, if it took place, cuts off from considerable property the children of a later marriage. My attestation of search and non-discovery will be official and admitted by the courts. Difficulties might arise if the Registers were totally out of my keeping or control, nor, I suppose, in the present state of the law, could you send documents for episcopal verification, or recognise any official declaration or attestations from us.

As, therefore, our references to our registers are ten times on account of foreign or ecclesiastical demands for once in connection with domestic civil purposes, you will see the serious obstacles to our depositing our Registers in any general office.—I have, &c.,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

The date of this letter as printed in the Commissioners' Report for 1857, and the reference in it to a still earlier date, are evidence, however, that these efforts to obtain possession of the Catholic Registers had been *renewed* some little time *previous* to the Commission of January, 1857.

Two things are, perhaps, worthy of notice in this correspondence: 1st., there is apparently no allusion to the fact that a large number of Catholic Registers had already been sent to the Registrar-General in 1840, and, 2ndly., the grounds of the Cardinal's refusal to sanction the forwarding of other registers are not altogether those alleged by the Vicars Apostolic in 1838. The Commissioners accordingly report on 31st Dec., 1857, that their "application . . . to the Roman Catholics has been attended with no good result."

Lord Hardwicke's "Marriage Act" of 1754, had for its primary object the suppression of the scandalous contracts at the Fleet Prison and Mayfair Chapel, &c., yet its details were a source of annoyance to Catholics as well. An interesting and contemporaneous note on this subject will be found in these pages, in the

Register of Holme, co. York. No Institution, save one divinely protected, however, could possibly have survived all the Acts of Parliament which human and diabolical ingenuity have devised, and which for nearly two centuries before this time had been levelled against the very existence of the Catholic Church in this country. Here, for example, as we are upon the subject of "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," is a summary of a portion of one, 3 Jac. I. cap. 5 . . .

"All persons married otherwise than in some open church or chapel, and otherwise than according to the orders of the Church of England, by a minister lawfully authorised, shall be disabled to have any freehold, dower, thirds, &c. . . . and every Popish Recusant shall within one month after the birth of any child of his, baptize the same in the open parish church, under a penalty of £100, and if any Popish Recusant shall be buried other than in the church or churchyard, or not according to the ecclesiastical laws of the realm, the executors shall forfeit £20."

The "excommunication" of and refusal to bury John Gabriel, in 1686, who, as recorded in the Worcester register, was reconciled to the Church on his death bed, afford a typical illustration of the *odium theologicum*, all the more odious in a cathedral city.

These Fleet and Mayfair Marriage registers to which allusion has just been made, came also within the scope of the Non-Parochial Commissioners' enquiry in 1837, and this unsavoury collection now reposes peacefully and in wonderful contrast by the side of our Catholic Registers in Somerset House. "The generality of these marriages were celebrated," says the Report, "by clergymen of low character;" or, as a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb., 1735, describes them, "by a sett of drunken swearing Parsons." It should however be added, that the Commissioners state that the registers of these worthies "stand on other and less favourable ground," and that they do not "include them in their recommendation." This merely means that they were not "admitted as evidence in a Court of Justice," in the way that the Catholic and other Registers known as "Non-

Parochial" afterwards were, by the Act 3 and 4 Vict. cap. 92, specially passed for that purpose.

Turning, however, more particularly to these Registers, a summary and short account of which is given in these pages, we notice first that of the seventy-eight deposited in 1840 at Somerset House, no less than seventy are from the Northern District, then under the jurisdiction of Bishop Briggs, and that of these, forty-five are from Yorkshire, twelve from Durham, ten from Northumberland, and one each from the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. Here again, it is worthy of notice, that out of the nearly two hundred missions then existing in this diocese, of which about fifty-four were in Yorkshire, and nearly ninety in Lancashire, only *one* register,—that, viz., of St. Alban's, Blackburn—was parted with from the last-named county to the Registrar-General. Catholic Lancashire, then, was very evidently loth to give up her Records of the past. Of the remaining eight registers, two in Hampshire and Hertfordshire are from the London District, five from the Midland, and one only is from the Western District, that, namely, of Lutworth Castle. We may therefore assume that in 1840 it was left to the option of each individual priest to forward his register, or not, according to his discretion, and that in 1857 it was decided that no more were to be sent at all.

The "date of the foundation" of each mission was also, we may remark, required to be endorsed on each register forwarded to the Commissioners. For this purpose a small printed "certificate or statement" accompanied each book, and the date of transmission, with one or two other facts, such as the name of the priest, or "Proprietor of the Chapel," had to be filled in by him. Very often there is a discrepancy between the alleged date of the Mission "foundation" and the date at which the register commences. The latter, however, was a question of fact, easily answered, but not so the former. Some priests passed the question by altogether, and left a "blank" under the words,

"date of foundation." Others, perhaps, interpreted the words to mean merely the date of the building of some humble Catholic Church, or the time from which Mass was first said *regularly* in the hired room of a private house. Ever since, however, that compulsory national apostacy under Queen Elizabeth, popularly known as the Reformation, it is matter of notoriety that the Church in this country from that time up to within the last sixty or seventy years, worshipped as it were in the catacombs ; while there are whole districts, more especially in the North of England, in which Faith can never be said to have died out at all, and very likely there is hardly a county which cannot boast of some little oasis of this sort. There is plenty of Protestant evidence for this which we shall hope presently to adduce. For example, the secretary of the recently established "North Riding of Yorkshire Record Society" quotes the following passage from the "Report to the Magistrates of the North Riding" on those important Records :

"Affording a variety of materials for the sufficient exhibition of the social history of the district to which they relate, the manuscripts are especially rich in three different classes of documents, that enable the student to measure the numerical force, to estimate the material resources, and to observe *the activity and resoluteness of the seventeenth century and eighteenth century Catholics, where the gentry and yeomanry throughout successive generations adhered with singular tenacity to the doctrines and usages of the unreformed church.*"

The Quakers and the Baptists certainly did not find much difficulty in giving to the Commissioners, very accurately, the "date" of their respective "foundations,"—nay, for the matter of that, had a like home question been gently put to Dr. William Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1840, *who* would venture to speculate as to what might have been His Grace's reply in an unguarded moment?—but the poor Yorkshire priests who had kept to the Old Faith of St. Augustine and Archbishop Warham were evidently some of them puzzled. One of them boldly

names the year 1290 A.D., another, "the time of the Reformation," another, "the time of Edward VI," two Durham priests give "time immemorial" as the "date of the foundation" of their Missions, and eleven more Yorkshire men keep silence on the matter entirely.

The following extract is from the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February 1735, p. 106:

"Sunday 23. About 11 o'clock, the Peace officers going their rounds to the public houses, to prevent disorderly smoaking and tippling in time of Divine Service, discovered a private Mass House at a little ale house at the back of Shoreditch, where nearly 100 people had got together in a Garret, most of them miserably poor and ragged, and upon examination appeared to be Irish. Some few were well dressed and several Mass books were found with them. The Priest made his escape out of a back door, leaving the rest to shift for themselves, whereupon, some got out of a trap door, and others, after giving an account of their names and places of abode, were let quietly depart. Notwithstanding, a great many met in the evening at the same place, declaring that Mass should be said there."

Dr. Oliver, also, in his "Western County Collections," p. 14, takes the following from the "Universal Museum" for 1767:

"March. Another Mass House was discovered in Hog Lane, near the Seven Dials. . . . John Baptist Malony, a Papist priest, was taken up for exercising his functions in Kent Street contrary to law . . . he was convicted at Croydon on 23rd August, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment."

Dr. Oliver adds that "his crime was administering the Sacrament to a sick man. After four years' imprisonment he was banished from England for life." . . . "The Rev. James Webb was tried for priesthood in the Court of King's Bench, 25 June, 1768." After giving other similar examples, he adds in a note, p. 33, "Mrs. Lingard, mother of the late historian, remembered when her family used to go in a cart at night to hear Mass, *the priest, in a round frock, to resemble a poor man.* She died at Winchester, 5th August, 1824, aged 92."

These passages are cited not merely as evidence of the com-

paratively recent date at which actual persecution was waged against the Church in this country, but also, because they point at once to the difficulty that must attend any endeavour to obtain much accurate detail of our Catholic Mission life during a period when so much secrecy of action was still unhappily found to be necessary. It is hoped, therefore, that the short epitome of these registers now for the first time made public, will, in the aggregate, prove a real assistance to future collectors of material for our Catholic history.

Then again, we may notice in passing that the register of Clint's Hall in Yorkshire dates from 1786, but a priest was certainly there some time prior to this year, for Mr. Chester Waters in his "History of Parish Registers," p. 68, quotes the following from the Parish Register of Marske: "1781. James Postlethwaite, the *Popish Priest* at Clintz, buried 10 Feb. The service by request was read as usual." He is evidently the "Jacobus Postelwhate" mentioned in *Douay Diary*, p. 67, as "Filius Richardi et Annæ Newsham, diocœsis Cestrensis, secundi jam anni philosophus; natus fuit 11 Dec. 1723."

All these facts, then, point more or less to the secrecy of our Mission life practised even after the passing of the first Catholic Relief Act in 1778.

Or again, it might very naturally be supposed that the earlier copies of our "Laity's Directory," would prove an admirable source of information as to the status of our old English Catholic Missions. But here again we are doomed to encounter further disappointment; for, owing to their extreme reticence on all practical church matters,—of course this reserve was a necessity,—they are little more than curiosities for the bookshelves of a Catholic Antiquarian. A very interesting paper appeared on this subject in the "Month" for February, 1882. The author names 1759 as the date of their first issue: that of 1768, however, is the earliest of the collection at the British Museum. It is entitled, "The Laity's Directory, or the order of the Church Service

on Sundays and Holy days for the year of our Lord MDCCLXVIII: By permission and with approbation." It consists merely of a calendar of 24 pp. 12mo., and 14 pp. more are devoted to a "Discourse on the Name of Jesus." Page 5 is headed, "Plenary Indulgences granted to the Faithful in the L—— District." Not a priest or a mission is named, and the sole advertisement in its pages is as follows: "Lately printed on a fine writing paper, Altar cards of different sizes."

The issue of 1769 contains a little homily on the unity of belief between the Eastern and Western Churches "with regard to the Eucharist," and some extracts are afterwards given from the Liturgies of St. James and St. Chrysostom, and from the Greek Liturgy used by the Russians. The idea of the whole seems rather to suggest a wish to instruct Protestants than to give church information to Catholics. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the "Directory" for 1789 is the first that ventures to give an "Obituary of persons Clerical and Lay," and that doubtless for a double reason; the first of course being a desire to obtain prayers for the repose of their souls, the second reflection that probably inspired the insertion of the names being that "dead men tell no tales." That of 1791 appears to have been the first to contain the name of a living priest, the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, who appeals for £1200 for the "Chapel in St. George's Fields," but that of 1793 gives a list of eighteen "chapels in and near London:" it explains also the "Toleration Act" of 1791, but warns gentlemen returning from abroad that "the importer or receiver of such things as crosses, pictures, *Ladies' Psalters*, Missals, Rosaries, Breviaries, &c. alike incurs a præmunire!" Such then were the magnificent first-fruits of the "Catholic Relief Acts"!

The year 1801 reveals also for the first time the locality of a few country Missions, and very slowly from this date we *begin* to emerge into the light, after nearly two centuries and a half of catacomb worship. It should however be added that the exist-

ence of some Catholic Schools in England is first advertised in 1789, and that in 1798 there is a remarkable "exhortation to decent behaviour in chapel" wherein the Faithful are affectionately invited to avoid "the unclean trick of hawking, spitting, or spawling about," and "the Sex are prayed to forbear the unbecoming freedom of approaching to Communion with hats or bonnets on," partly on the ground that "St. Paul orders their heads to be covered but not to be muffled." Furthermore, they are cautioned against "the more than masculine boldness of stalking into church with *pattins* on, and of flinging them loudly on the floor when in it, as also against the shameful act of see-sawing in their chairs as if to court a nap!"

While, however, on this subject, we must not omit to mention the apparently solitary instance of a Catholic Almanac that appeared for one year only, at a very much earlier date, viz., in the reign of James II. It is a little book of twenty-three leaves, the last four pages being a catalogue of books sold by the publisher, one of these being, "Consensus Veterum, or the Reason of Edward Sclater, Minister of Putney, for his Conversion to the Catholic Faith and Communion: 4to." The full title of this interesting little book is: "The Catholic Almanac for the year 1687, containing the Roman and English Calendar, an explanation of the principal Holy days of the whole year in the Catalogues of the Popes from St. Peter to this present Innocentius XI., and of the Kings of England and Archbishops of Canterbury from the year 600 to the Reformation: London, printed by Henry Hills, printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, for his household and chappell, MDCLXXXVII." Three copies of this are in the British Museum.

The Register of St. Alban's, Blackburn, being the solitary representative of Lancashire at Somerset House, the subjoined extracts from Abram's exhaustive "History of Blackburn" will serve to illustrate not only the early history of the Mission itself, but that also—and, as it appears, from Protestant evi-

dence—of the condition and position of Catholics at the periods referred to.

We read (p. 353) :

“The incidental information in hand suffices to show an *uninterrupted maintenance of religious worship by the members of the Roman Church* in Lancashire during the more than two centuries of statutory proscription of English Catholicism For long, no public chapels of that Communion were allowed to be erected. It devolved upon the Catholic gentry and richer families to provide for the worship of their tenants and poor neighbours of the same faith in chapels connected with private mansions.”

It might be observed, in passing, that many incidental and authentic notices of this fact will be found in the Appendix to *English Catholic Non-jurors of 1715* (*Burns & Oates*, 1886).

Mr. Abram, however, proceeds :

“Traces are frequent of the existence of a respectable minority of Roman Catholics in this district throughout the 300 years of Protestant ascendancy, and it is a question if in some parts of Ribblesdale, under the continuance of landlords of that faith, *the Catholic section of the population was not at times in the majority*”

The following letter, written in 1709 by the Rev. John Holm, vicar of Blackburn, to the Primate — the original MS. of which is in Lambeth Palace Library — betokens the strength of the Roman Catholic party in Lower Ribblesdale at that time :

“Blackburne, Nov. 3, 1709.—May it please your Grace,—According to your Lordship’s directions, I have made the best inquiry I could to find out the particular circumstances of the Popish Bishop’s Visitation within my parish, and the Discoveries I have made are as follows :—The first week in July (which was the next week after my Lord of Chester held his Visitation here) Bishop Smith [Roman Catholic] came to Mr. Walmsley’s, of Lower Hall, in Samlesbury, within my Parish, and confirmed there on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, vizt., the 8th, 9th, and 10th of July. I cannot find that any Persons of Note were there, *or any Protestants*, except one or two of Mr. Walmsley’s

servants, *who dare make no Discoveries of these matters.* The number of the Papists that were there was very great ; Mr. Hull, my Curate at Samlesbury Chappell, tells me that he saw *multitudes* goe that way past his house, some on foot, some on horseback, most of them with little children in their arms. But the greatest concourse of people was on Sunday, because the Bishop was to preach that day. The neighbouring Protestants seemed to take little notice of the matter, *it being no novelty with them*, the same Bishop having been there upon the same occasion about five years ago. I think the Papists have been a little more reserved this, than they were the last time the Bishop was in this Neighbourhood. For then they made great Boasts of their vast Numbers, but now I have heard nothing from any of them of this matter. If this account be not so perfect as your Grace could wish, I desire you will not impute it to my negligence, but to the unwillingness of people in this country to intermiddle against Papists, which if it should come to any of their Ears they would study to requite them, with the greatest mischiefs they could think of. And indeed *'tis dangerous meddling with them here, where they bear down before them with Power and Interest.* I do not know that my Lord of Chester has any Notice of this matter, but if your Grace think fitt I shall communicate it to him.—I am, my Lord, your Grace's most obliged and obedient son and servant, JO. HOLME."

Mr. Abram, afterwards, citing as his authority the Brindle Catholic Chapel Register, records the fact of "other Catholic episcopal visitations to this district in 1749, 1755, 1760, and 1766," and adds that "eight or nine years after the date of Vicar Holme's letter, Gastrell, Bishop of Chester" states "there were then in existence, in the townships of which *Blackburn* was the parochial centre, three 'Papist Meetings,' and 532 professed Papists, or in the whole parish 1023 avowed Papists out of a total of 1800 families, &c." And further :

"In the town of Blackburn there was found, in the hardest times of the penal laws against 'Popery,' a small colony of staunch Roman Catholics" who "may have found it unsafe to have their place of worship in the town, for I find no trace of any public chapel of that communion in Blackburn until about a century ago. It is stated that the Catholic Chapel in an area between King Street and Chapel Street was built in

1773. This was a plain structure of brick, concealed by houses surrounding, and this chapel sufficed for the needs of the Roman Catholics about fifty years, until the erection of *St. Alban's* in 1824, when the old chapel in Chapel Street was sold. The walls are yet standing, but since its disuse for Christian worship it has been used as a workshop. About seven years after this chapel was built, the Rev. William Dunn was appointed priest of the Blackburn Mission. This useful priest died suddenly at the altar, when offering Mass, on Sunday, October 27, 1805, a memorial of . . . whom was fixed in *St. Alban's Chapel* in 1844. . . . A succeeding priest was the Rev. R. Abbott, who occurs in 1819, when a return was made of the Catholic congregation in Blackburn, numbering 1200 persons. Father Abbott was still priest in Blackburn in 1824."

Mr. Abram, in addition to further important information relative to Catholics in this locality, then gives an elaborate description of *St. Alban's* and other Blackburn churches, to which we must refer our readers. He adds also that "the Rev. James Sharples, D.D., was priest of *St. Alban's* from about the time of the removal of the congregation of the older chapel thither until 1842, when he was consecrated Bishop of Samaria."

The catalogue of the library, as given in the Pontefract Register, is perhaps suggestive of another interesting feature of some of our old secular missions. Very often a collection of books in the Presbytery, known, it would seem, as the priests' library, is handed down in trust from one Missionary Rector to another, being *presumably* the property of the Bishop of the diocese. Some of these volumes seem to tell their own tale of the hands through which they may have passed in bygone times. In the venerable old Staffordshire Mission of Brewood, for instance, there is a thin quarto missal, published in 1623, the title page of which is "*Missale Parvum pro Sacerdotibus in Anglia itinerantibus, ordo etiam Baptizandi, aliaque sacramenta ministrandi, et officia quædam Ecclesiastica rite peragendi.*" The very existence of such a volume enables us rapidly to picture to ourselves the disguised priest carrying on his work of mercy, and bringing vividly to our minds the words of St. Paul, "Even

unto this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, *and have no fixed abode*, and we labour, working with our own hands: we are reviled and we bless, we are persecuted and we suffer it, we are ill-spoken of and we intreat, we are made as the refuse of this world, the off-scouring of all even till now."

Not always, however, are these mission volumes necessarily of a theological character. At Dorchester in Oxfordshire, for example, is a fine copy of Bewick's "History of British Birds," a work for which £10 or £15 is sometimes now asked. Another interesting and valuable collection of old Catholic books is in the presbytery of Weston-Underwood in Buckinghamshire, the property of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. Of course, however, many others could be named.

This leads us, finally, to say something of three Registers, not in Somerset House, but noticed here by way of appendix and by the kind permission of the Rev. E. J. Purbrick, S.J., the Rev. Raymund Palmer, O.P., and the Very Rev. Canon Stokes of Weston-Underwood. Assuming that these Registers are fair samples of others that are undoubtedly scattered up and down the country, it is surely a matter of regret that more is not known of records, a good summary of which could not fail to illustrate very faithfully the history of the Church in England for the period to which they relate.

The first upon our list is the Register of Weston-Underwood that dates from 1702. Lipscomb in his "History of Buckinghamshire," iv., 402, in his account of this parish says:—

"Soon after the accession of Sir Charles Throckmorton to the estate at Coughton, the old Mansion at Weston being much dilapidated and decayed was taken down, excepting the chapel wing and a portion of the offices: . . . an extensive and valuable library . . . was amongst the ornaments of Weston . . . the old Chapel was formed out of three of the attics on the west side of the house, which were thrown together. When the mansion was demolished in 1827, hiding places were discovered

which had probably been unknown to the family during many years. In the floor of one of the garrets near those which had been made into a chapel, was a trap-door opening into a small room below, within which was a closet containing an old bed, and a ladder long enough to reach the trap-door. In another place was a concealed door, which, when bolted within, could not be distinguished from the wainscot."

Very probably, then, these were at times the apartments of the Benedictine Father, William Blakey, whose death is recorded in the Register as on 5 January, 1721.

"After the house was taken down, one of the wings in the north front (formerly a stable) was converted into a Chapel, and a small portion of the west side of the House left standing for the residence of the Priest . . . The scenery of the park and gardens, with the course of the river, and the venerable groves which shelter the mansion have been the theme of Cowper's Muse."

The "Quarterly Review" for January, 1860, in its review of Southey's "Life of Cowper,"—probably paraphrasing Cowper's own description—thus describes the inhabitants of Olney in 1767, the neighbouring town from which Cowper walked daily to Weston:—"The majority of the people were brutal in their manners and heathenish in their morals. Little creatures, seven years of age, made the place resound every evening with curses and villainous songs,"—a striking contrast this, to the spirit which breathes in every line of the Catholic Register of Deaths and "Conversions" in the few extracts we give of a date not so many years prior to 1767.

Weston-Underwood, it may be added, is still a little Catholic stronghold, and a considerable portion of the old parish churchyard is set apart for Catholic burials. A mural tablet in the south aisle records the following:—"Hic jacet Rev. Gulielmus Gregson, Romanæ Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Sacerdos et per 30 annos hujus Pagi Catholicorum Pastor. Obiit 18^o Octobris Anno Salutis 1800^o ætatis suæ 68. Vir fuit ore serenus ac mente Sanctus moribus, pauperum Medicus et Amicus." This Benedictine

Father of Samlesbury in Lancashire was, according to Weldon, professed, 18 April, 1751; William Blakey of Northumberland, the Father already mentioned, being entered as professed, 3 Nov., 1682.

The Register of Cheam, in Surrey, that of a mission unhappily long since discontinued, is now amongst the Archives of the Dominican Priory at Haverstock Hill. Father Raymond Palmer, O.P., has kindly permitted me to copy the following account of it from his valuable unpublished MS. collections.

"The Mission of Cheam was for some time served by the English Dominican Fathers, but never belonged exclusively to them, as it was always in the hands of the Vicar Apostolic of the district. Still, as the Register of Cheam is now in the Archives of the Province, I have thought it useful and interesting to give as succinct an account as possible of the entries in this book, with a few additional particulars from one or two other documents. There appears to have been a Mission at Cheam, regularly served by the Secular Clergy from the time at least of Charles I. Bartholomew Fromond, lord of the manor, charged his estate there with £5 towards the support of it. Father Joseph Hansbie" [see "English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715," p. 304] "resided at Lower Cheam from in or after 1742, to about the end of 1747, and served the Catholics there. In 1755 Cheam was attached to the Portuguese chapel in London, and at this time commences the Register William Heatley, O.S.B., a most zealous Missionary, appears to have laboured at Cheam with indefatigable energy. He has left a list of 53 converts, whom in those unfavourable times he gathered into the fold of the Church. So great was his success that in 1760, the enmity and opposition of Dr. James King and of his satellites was excited, who incessantly harassed the Catholics with summonses before the Magistrates, in which these worthies would not appear as prosecutors." [Dr. King was instituted to the Rectory of Cheam—a living in the patronage of St. John's College, Oxford—on 3 December, 1747. He died in 1780.] "This legal persecution endured for three months. Dr. King's opposition continued for many years and was exercised on every available occasion. For some time he refused to inter an infant (Mary Andrews) that died 6 Nov., 1765, saying he knew nothing of the individual said to have baptised her, and wrote to the mother reminding her that it was *death* for a Popish Priest to exercise sacerdotal

functions in England. On April 6, 1780, while fanaticism was yet hatching the riot and destruction of the Gordon Mob, one William Bryant was hounded to his grave in the parish church-yard by the 'hellish' rabble which composed the populace of Lower or East Cheam." Unhappily the MS. giving an account of this event has been accidentally destroyed, but it will be seen that the register makes some allusion to the fact. Father Palmer continues :—

"William Heatley was succeeded by B. Bradshaw, chaplain to the Portuguese Embassy, who . . . arrived on Sunday, 20 Dec., 1761. His last entry is dated 31 May, 1768. H. Elliot signs from 30 July, 1769 to 10 June, 1770 : R. Harris from 21 Jan., 1772, to 26 Mar., 1775 : John Bede Brewer, O.S.B., 10 June, 1776 : J. J. Placid Naylor, O.S.B., from 3 Nov., 1776, to 11 April, 1785, and Fr. Benedict Short, O.P., from about April, 1785, to Feb., 1788. For attending the Catholics there he received, 1 Mar., 1787, from the Hon. James Talbot, £13 3s 6d, for two years', and 3 Jan., 1788, £6 16s 8d, for one year's proceeds of the fund established for serving that mission. These small sums barely sufficed for paying travelling expenses . . . The Register closes with 28 Oct., 1788, . . . and after 1761 appears to have been very imperfectly kept, especially as to converts . . . Ferdinand Watkins, M.D., was the principal Catholic of Cheam."

Though somewhat irregular in point of order, yet as it is from the same source, the following abridged account of the Missions of Leeds is here given, the registers being in the Somerset House collection :

"When Fr. Albert Underhill left Selby in 1802, on account of ill-health, he took up his abode in Leeds. His zeal soon surmounted bodily infirmities, and he was destined to restore the Faith in that important town. For a long time he had to struggle on in deep obscurity and poverty. His dwelling, with the room in which he assembled the few Catholics whom he could collect together to hear Mass, stood in a miserable alley or yard behind the public shambles, and so straitened were his means that very often he had nothing more for dinner than potatoes mashed with butter-milk. It was one of his economical expedients to go to the shambles late on the Saturday night, when the general marketing had closed, and buy scraps of meat and bones remaining on the butcher's hands, and this supply which he obtained at a very trifling cost, served him for the whole of the ensuing week. For some time he did occasional

duty at Roundhay and also at Chappeltown, 27 miles from Leeds and 6 from Sheffield. It was his most ardent desire to erect a chapel at Leeds, but it was long before he could carry out his design. A legacy of about £600 then fell to him, and in 1805, with his Superior's approbation, he undertook the holy work. He purchased a piece of ground in Lady Lane, and erected a chapel in honour of St. Ann, with a priest's residence. He had immense difficulties to overcome, but with additional assistance from the charitable he completed his task, yet not without incurring a very considerable debt.

"In Leeds, Protestant bigotry was then most bitter. One night, soon after he entered his new house, a brick-bat was thrown through his bedroom window which fell upon the bed where he was lying, but fortunately did not strike him. About this time, too, he was seized with a dangerous illness, caused probably by mental anxiety and the dampness of his new abode, so that he was brought to death's door. But he was happily spared for some years longer to rescue the Province from extinction. The finances of Fr. Albert Underhill were materially ameliorated by the generosity of Lord Stourton, so that when he made his report to the Provincial, 26 Feb., 1807, they appeared in a favourable condition. Lord Stourton allowed him an annual salary of £30, with £5 for the poor and £5 for the chapel. The pew-rents amounted to £41. The congregation had promised him £12 a-year when he left off going to Selby, but £9 only was realized. The interest of £500 left by Mr. Wade, came—taxes deducted—to £22 10s, and presents, &c., came to about £7. Thus the income was £110. By slow degrees he reduced the debt on the chapel to £460, and on this he had to pay £22 10s, yearly interest. So he had a clear £88 a-year, and as he lived rather within bounds, he was enabled to decrease his liabilities from time to time.

"The want of school room was greatly felt. In October, 1805, Fr. Albert retired to a tenement in his garden, and gave up his house to Miss Humble, a young lady of property and great piety, who there taught girls gratuitously, and the good which this excellent person did is thus told by Fr. Albert: 'As an instance,' he writes, 'of the change she has brought about in my little ones, I need only mention that before she began to teach, there used to be 5 or 6 boys and as many girls that came to catechism on Sunday afternoon, but at present, the number of boys continuing the same, there are sometimes above thirty girls, . . . and all of them eager to say their lesson because they are conscious they

can say it well: . . . for my part I consider her occupying the house as a blessing upon it.' About 1810, he built a school adjoining the Presbytery, which he employed also as a Sunday school, and there too, being the only Father whose hopes for the continuance of the Order in England were not well nigh extinguished, in addition to his Missionary duties, he taught Latin to some youths who seemed to show some vocation for the ecclesiastical state. It was the only Seminary and support of the Order, and saved it from extinction. This additional building increased the debts of Fr. Albert to about £600, which he was unable to liquidate. His creditors became very clamorous, and threatened him with arrest, so that he was in constant expectation of the debtor's prison, and in dread that the mission property being seized, all his labours would be rendered abortive. From this strait he was relieved by the kindness of Mr. James Holdforth of Burley, who lent him the money he required, and eventually most generously cancelled the debt. When Father Albert emerged from his obscurity and became publicly known, his virtues and talents attracted the respect of the Catholic nobility and gentry around Leeds, especially of the Stourtons, Vavasours, Middletons, and Watertons, and even Protestants contributed their meed of praise. On one occasion, the leading newspaper in the town spoke of him in the highest terms, and associated his name with those of the most venerable Fathers of the Church. . . . About the end of August, 1814, Fr. Albert left Leeds, and was succeeded by Fr. Hyacinth Lefebvre, who employed his spare time in teaching French to numerous pupils. Mr John Robinson of Leeds bequeathed for the support of the priest resident in Lady Lane, the sum of £200. . . . payable upon the death of his wife Mrs. Mary Robinson; her decease taking place in October, 1822, this sum was transmitted to the Province in the November of the following year.

"Fr. Lewis Oxley joined Fr. Hyacinth at Leeds on 23rd Oct., 1822. Through his exertions, partly by subscription and in part by the liberality of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Tempests of Brough Hall—the Rev. J. P. Tempest contributing, I believe, £200—and other benefactors, a second chapel was erected in Leeds on the northern road leading to York. The foundation stone was laid 1st March, 1831, and the chapel, dedicated to St. Patrick, and capable of accommodating 700 persons, was solemnly opened on 12th July and two following days by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Penswick. There were present on this occasion Fr. Ambrose Woods, many clergy, both of England and Ireland, and several

of the Catholic nobility and gentry of the surrounding country. On the second day, the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of 500 youths and adults, 40 or more of the latter being converts. To this new chapel became attached a congregation of more than 4000 souls : it was placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic with whom it was stipulated that St. Patrick's should be served by the Dominican Fathers only as long as it was convenient to them.

"The feeble state of the Dominican Province compelled the Fathers to surrender their connection with Leeds in 1833. It was agreed that £400 should be paid by the Bishop to the Province for St. Anne's. Mr. Robinson's bequest had been placed in the funds, and it was now left as part of the £400, the Bishop agreeing to settle an equal amount on the Mission. Fr. Hyacinth Lefebvre was succeeded at Lady Lane by the Revv.—Brown and H. Walmsley, and Fr. Lewis Oxley at St. Patrick's by the Rev. Henry Newsham. The transfer of the two chapels was completed in 1837. . . . The land and property in Lady Lane was soon sold, and the chapel destroyed, while a mural marble was put up on the Gospel Side of the Sanctuary of St. Patrick's, bearing the following inscription : " Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Albert Underhill, D.D., O.S.D., many years the Pastor of the Catholic congregation at Leeds, who departed this life 22 Oct., 1814, aged 70 years. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I comforted the heart of the widow. Job xxix. 13."

Such then is the authentic record of some of the early struggles of missionary work at Leeds. When it is remembered that prior to the Restoration of Charles II., the Catholic clergy did not venture to keep Registers, that of Worcester—the last upon our list—dating from 1685, may certainly be regarded among the earliest, if not actually the earliest, on record. The first little volume of this interesting Register, the leaves of which are eight inches long and only three in width, bears also every trace of having been deprived of its earlier pages. At all events, the first entry in it is dated less than six years after the martyrdom, at Worcester itself, of the Franciscan Father, John Wall. The Rev. Father Foxwell, S.J., writes that he believes "the Society took up this district in the year 1619." Foley also in his "Re-

cords S.J." v. 845, says, that "from 1720, the Missionary Fathers of Worcester can be clearly traced to the present day.' Worcester however was the scene of Fr. Oldcorne's martyrdom in 1606. It might be added that a priest's signature appears twice only in the first volume of the Register, that covers a period of nearly a hundred years, that is, from 1685 to 1778: the signatures are those of the Rev. Charles Hanne, S.J., on 12 March 1749, and of Fr. Butler, O.S.B., in 1776.

The recently published volumes of Canon Plasse, entitled "*Le Clergé Français Réfugié en Angleterre*," have proved a valuable and interesting means of identifying several of the French clergy whose names frequently appear in the Somerset House Registers. Enough then of these; but let it be finally and again stated that many other similar and as valuable Records are still in private hands. "It is to be wished," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 17 July, 1886—"that all these precious documents were made safe for ever by being printed."

JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE.

(*To be continued.*)

“ Perhaps.”

A WHISPER of Spring's in the air—
A soft wind setting the elm-boughs a-sway—
There are more flowers I'm sure on the gorse than there were
When last I came this way.

(They say,
I think, perhaps, it is true,
That as long as the flower's on the gorse
Love is in season too.
But it must be true of course,
And if not, why should I care ?)
The sky is shining blue ;
The sparrows twitter anew
Of beginning to pair,
And we've passed the shortest day.

How the gorse will blaze
'Neath the flitting, rushing brightness of April days !
In a glowing mass 'twill sweep down the bare hill-side,
The golden overflow round the bank will glide
Where the dear blue violets hide,
And the careless sunshine strays.

(Shall I be all alone ?
Or will some one come to love me
When the white clouds race above me,
And the buttercups have grown ?
Perhaps—ah ! who can tell,
When the meadows flush with clover

Perhaps I'll have a lover,
Perhaps he'll love me well.)

All too surely the year will wane,
The fair gorse-gold will tarnish and dim,
But lonely eyes shall ne'er seek in vain
A fugitive flower 'twixt the thorns so grim,
While love and hope remain.

(Perhaps if I had—him,
And he was kind,
And called me gently by my name,
Perhaps I should not mind
Even when winter came,
And the dreary, dreary rain.)

FRANCES WYNNE.

Mr. W. E. Henley's Poems.

MR. HENLEY, before writing his verses (*A Book of Verses*: David Nutt), has made a great sweeping movement which has cleared out of his way all the methods and manners surrounding the practice of poetry — not merely the weak and large old traditions ostentatiously set aside by Wordsworth, but all the smaller conventionalities which are so constantly and imperceptibly accumulating, many successive little heaps in a single age of literature. All these manners are—far from being exaggerations of style—the very destroyers of style. To have none of them would be to have style in its clearness, cleanness, and distinction ; it would be to have directness, to use phrases which have not had the life written out of them, vital and simple words which do not according to the dull old metaphor “clothe” the thought, but are, in a sense, organic, vascular, as clothes are not. It would be to have the word and the thought one to our apprehension, as body and soul are one to love, according to Rossetti's lovely line. But unfortunately, the very effort after this directness, vitality, and freedom from the habits of others, tends to produce a manner of its own—so many and subtle are the enemies of literature, not to be matched except by the enemies of spiritual perfection ! Readers of much contemporary French verse, written with the intention of compassing this sincerity of forms, know that it has an unmistakable date, and that what would be infinitely valuable in one writer, takes on almost a new conventionality when it is used by many, who are setting each other an example, and falling into a habit. In fact, there should be

nothing habitual at all in literature, as there must not be in prayer ; every movement should have a special intention, an impulse to itself, a separate thought.

Perhaps no writer of modern English verse has come nearer to the directness of which we speak than Mr. Henley. This it was—a simplicity allowing the experience that is in the verse to be immediately felt by any sensitive reader—that made his earliest published verses so memorable. Magazine poems, even of the better sort, are generally made up of habits of phrase, and the appearance in the *Cornhill* of a group of poems that told the truth with a direct intention, was a surprise. Insensibly one becomes too tolerant of all habitual literature ; the newspapers make us so as regards prose ; unconsciously *on se banalise*. And all the more is it pleasant to be checked and restored to one's fresher judgment, as verses like Mr. Henley's do check and restore us. The poems in question were headed "In Hospital," and open the present volume. The first sonnet introduces the Patient.

The morning mists still haunt the stony street ;
 The northern summer air is shrill and cold ;
 And lo, the Hospital, gray, quiet, old,
 Where life and death like friendly chaffers meet.
 Thro' the loud spaciousness and draughty gloom
 A small, strange child—so aged yet so young !—
 Her little arm besplinted and beslung,
 Precedes me gravely to the waiting room.
 I limp behind, my confidence all gone.
 The gray-haired soldier-porter waves me on,
 And on I crawl, and still my spirits fail :
 A tragic meanness seems so to environ
 These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
 Cold, naked, clean—half workhouse and half jail.

The next—"Waiting"—is in blank verse, measured by the recurrence of a monosyllabic ending after a series of dissyllabic :

A square, squat room (a cellar on promotion),
 Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight ;

Plasters astray in unnatural-looking tinware ;
Scissors and lint and apothecary's jars.

Here, on a bench a skeleton would writhe from,
Angry and sore, I wait to be admitted :
Wait till my heart is lead upon my stomach,
While at their ease two dressers do their chores.

One has a probe—it feels to me a crowbar.
A small boy sniffs and shudders after bluestone.
A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers.
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame.

A little later follow studies of the surgeons, the staff-nurses, old and new style, the lady-probationer—impressionary portraits in which what appears is noted curiously, with no cheap conjecture and laborious analysis. Mr. Henley does not make stories for his figures. The people who make stories are not the best observers ; for there again *on se banalise* ; the story-maker is apt to ignore, as not to his purpose, and too difficult for mere story-making, the delicate incoherences that are in the man we see as well as in the man we know. Mr. Henley is content with the impression, knowing that though a harmony is in the character before him, it is generally a harmony too subtle for man to discover. From this little group of poems we will quote the "Staff Nurse : New Style" :

Blue-eyed and bright of face, but waning fast
Into the sere of virginal decay,
I view her as she enters, day by day,
As a sweet sunset almost overpast.
Kindly and calm, patrician to the last,
Superbly falls her gown of sober gray,
And on her chignon's elegant array
The plainest cap is somehow touched with caste.
She talks BEETHOVEN ; frowns disapprobation
At BALZAC'S name, sighs it at "poor GEORGE SAND'S ;"
Knows that she has exceeding pretty hands ;
Speaks Latin with a right accentuation ;
And gives at need (as one who understands)
Draught, counsel, diagnosis, exhortation.

—and the "House-Surgeon :"

Exceeding tall, but built so well his height
Half-disappears in flow of chest and limb ;
Moustache and whisker trooper-like in trim ;
Frank-faced, frank-eyed, frank-hearted ; always bright
And always punctual—morning, noon, and night ;
Bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn ;
Humorous, and yet without a touch of whim ;
Gentle and amiable, yet full of fight ;
His piety, though fresh and true in strain,
Has not yet whitewashed up his common mood
To the dead blank of his particular Schism :
Sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane,
Wild artists like his kindly elderhood
And cultivate his mild Philistinism.

We prefer both these hospital poems at the beginning, and the "Bric-à-brac" at the end of the volume, to the lyrics in the middle. Mr. Henley is better quite earnest or quite at play than in a more or less romantic humour, that fits less perfectly his beautiful sincerity of expression. These "bric-à-brac" pieces are written in the old French metres upon which, after Mr. Swinburne had used one or two, so many pens were tried some years ago. Many of Mr. Henley's rondels and rondeaux and ballades appeared in a paper that the gods—those of wit and song, and many forms of charming literature—must have loved ; it died young. In its pages, we believe, was published some of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's first work, before the "Travels with a Donkey" had begun his fame, or at least before the successors of that book had confirmed it. Compatriots and early friends, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley worked together on that pleasant paper, and many of Mr. Henley's most human verses are records of the dear and perdurable friendship. These rondel and rondeau forms are not always used gaily in the "Book of Verses." Indeed, the iteration of the rondeau can be as penetratingly mournful as it can be gay ; and "When you are old," written in this form, a poem which, as usual with Mr. Henley, tells the truth, and tells it with vital sincerity—tells terribly mournful truth without

ignoble dejection—is distinctly the loveliest poem in the book.
But we must end with a ballade at play—"Of Life and Fate":

Fools may pine, and sots may swill,
Cynics gibe and prophets rail,
Moralists may scourge and drill,
Preachers prose, and fainthearts quail.
Let them whine, or threat, or wail !
Till the touch of Circumstance
Down to darkness sink the scale
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

What if skies be wan and chill ?
What if winds be harsh and stale ?
Presently the east will thrill,
And the sad and shrunken sail,
Bellying with a kindly gale,
Bear you sunwards, while your chance
Sends you back the hopeful hail,
"Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance."

Idle shot or coming bill,
Hapless love or broken bail,
Gulp it (never chew your pill !),
And if Burgundy should fail,
Try a humble pot of ale !
Over all is heaven's expanse.
Gold exists among the shale.
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

Dull Sir Joskin sleeps his fill,
Good Sir Galahad seeks the Grail,
Proud Sir Pertinax flaunts his frill,
Hard Sir Æger dints his mail ;
And the while, by hill and dale,
Tristram's braveries gleam and glance,
And his blithe horn tells its tale,
"Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance."

Araminta's grand and shrill,
Delia's passionate and frail,
Doris drives an earnest quill,
Athanasia takes the veil ;
Wiser Phyllis o'er her pail,
At the heart of all romance

Reading, sings to Strephon's flail,
"Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance."

Every Jack must have his Jill,
(Even Johnson had his Thrale !)
Forward, couples—with a will !
This, the world, is not a jail.
Hear the music, sprat and whale !
Hands across, retire, advance !
Though the doomsman's on your trail,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

Envoy.

Boys and girls, at slug and snail
And their kindred look askance.
Pay your footing on the nail :
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

If ever words danced, these advance and recede and set in a composition of charming figures. The humour of the phrase here and there is all the more enjoyable for being up to date though the rhythm is old.

ALICE MEYNELL.

“Not Like The Rest.”

“**I** THANK my maker I’m not like the rest,”
 ’Twas thus a Mausoleum eased its breast ;
“The tombs around are broken, crumbling stones,
“Uncouth receptacles of vulgar bones.
“I am pure marble, white, and carved with skill,
“And gilt and holy words my borders fill.
“I thank him most I am not like the mound
“That lies out yonder, cumbering the ground.”
The Sexton standing by, cried “Faugh ! how vile
“The stench exhaling from this sculptured pile !”
He turned, and bending o’er the poor man’s sod,
Plucked thence a violet, and gave thanks to God.

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

Paganism : Old and New.

“ So died the old ; here comes the new :
Regard him ; — a familiar face ! ” — *Tennyson*.

HOW define new paganism? Most modern beliefs are easily defined. Agnosticism is the everlasting perhaps. An Atheist is a man who believes himself an accident. Morality (modern) is the art of defining your principles to oppose your practice. Immorality (again modern)—well, it was excellently defined by Pope as

“ —A monster of such frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

That is to say, nobody minds it, if it be only kept out of sight. But a definition of New Paganism is yet to seek.

That men who find Christianity too hard of belief should come to believe in Paganism, sounds, I know, like an absurdity. But nothing is so incalculable as the credulity of incredulity. Nevertheless it is not Paganism pure and simple which these men would restore. Rather it is the habit of mind, the sentiment, the *ethos* of Paganism. If my view be correct, they would use the old “properties” of Paganism to deck out their own material nature-worship. Venus would thus become what Tennyson has so eloquently described Lucretius as holding her to be. Ceres and Bacchus would become representative of the bounty and lustihood of Nature. The staid and severe would have their Pallas, and render homage to natural wisdom and self-control. Meanwhile all this would be in nowise novel, but indeed a revival of Paganism,—of a phase, and a late phase, of Paganism.

There are cycles in thought as in the heavens ; and old views in time become new views.

Here is a natural religion obviously capable of accommodating itself to widely different natures by reason of its entire flexibility. But though in this way mischievously catholic as atheism, it can, unlike atheism, surround itself with the prestige of a great past—though a dead past ; of a poetry—though a dead poetry ; of a sculpture—though a dead sculpture ; of an art—which is *not* dead. And it can proclaim that, with the revival of dead Paganism, these other dead things too shall live. It is with this æsthetic aspect of New Paganism that I wish to deal.¹

One of its chief recommendations to intellectual minds is the often-eulogized beauty of Paganism. The old gods, say its advocates, were warm with human life, and akin to human sympathy : beautiful gods whose names were poetry. Then the daily gracefulness of pagan life and religion ! The ceremonial pageants, with the fluent grace of their processional maidens, as they

“—— shook a most divine dance from their feet,”²

or the solemn chastity of their vestal virgins ; the symmetry of their temples with their effigies of benignant powers ; the street, adorned with noble statuary, invested with a crystal air, and bright with its moving throng in garments of unlaboured elegance ; and the theatre unroofed to the smokeless sky, where an audience, in which the merest cobbler had some vision beyond his last, heard in the language of Æschylus or Sophocles the ancestral legends of its native land.

With all this, the advocates I speak of contrast the condition of to-day. The cold formalities of an outworn worship ; our *ne*

¹ I ought here, properly, to discuss the chances of pagan principles ever becoming more than the craze of a clique in England. But space forbids. Suffice it to say that there is a “*nidus*,” and the disease-germs are abroad.

² Chapman, “*Odyssey*.”

plus ultra of pageantry, a Lord Mayor's Show; the dryadless woods regarded chiefly as potential timber; the grimy street, the grimy air, the disfiguring statues, the Stygian crowd; the temple to the reigning goddess Gelasma, which mocks the name of theatre; last and worst, the fatal degradation of popular perception, which has gazed so long on ugliness that it takes her to its bosom. In our capitals the very heavens have lost their innocence. Aurora may rise over our cities, but she has forgotten how to blush.

And those who, like the present writer, tread as on thorns amidst the sordidness and ugliness—the ugly sordidness and the sordid ugliness—the dull materiality and weariness of this un-honoured old age of the world,—cannot but sympathise with these feelings,—nay, even look back with a certain passionate regret to the beauty which invested at least the outward life of those days. But in truth with this outward life the vesture of beauty ceases: the rest is a day-dream, lovely it is true, but none the less a dream. Heathenism is lovely *because* it is dead. To read Keats is to grow in love with Paganism; but *it is the Paganism of Keats*. Pagan Paganism was not poetical.

Literally, this assertion is untenable. Almost every religion becomes a centre of poetry. But if not absolutely true, it is at least true with relation to Christianity. The poetry of Paganism is chiefly a modern creation; in the hands of the pagans themselves it was not even developed to its full capabilities. The gods of Homer are braggarts and gluttons; and the gods of Virgil are cold and unreal. The kiss of Dian was a frigid kiss till it glowed in the fancy of the barbarian Fletcher: there was little halo around Latmos' top, till it was thrown around it by the modern Keats. No pagan eye ever visioned the nymphs of Shelley.³ In truth there was around the Olympian heaven no

³ I have here implicitly assumed a distinction which I should rather explicitly have formulated, between the poetry lurking in the pagan myths and the poetical ideas associated with them by the pagans themselves.

such halo and native air of poetry as, for Christian singers, clothed the Christian heaven. To the heathen mind its divinities were graceful, handsome, noble gods; powerful, and therefore to be propitiated with worship; cold in their sublime selfishness, and therefore unlovable. No pagan ever loved his god. Love he might, perhaps, some humble rustic or domestic deity,—but no Olympian. Whereas, in the Christian religion, the Madonna, and a greater than the Madonna, were at once high enough for worship and low enough for love. Now, without love no poetry can be beautiful; for all beautiful poetry comes from the heart. With love it was that Wordsworth and Shelley purchased the right to sing sweetly of nature. Keats wrote lovingly of his pagan hierarchy, because what he wrote about he loved. Hence for no antique poet was it possible to make, or even conceive, a pagan Paradise. We, who love the gods, do not worship them. The ancients, who worshipped the gods, did not love them. Whence is this?

Coleridge, in those beautiful but hackneyed lines from “Wallenstein,” has given us his explanation. It is true, yet only half the truth. For in very deed that beautiful mythology has a beauty beyond anything it ever possessed in its worshipped days; and that beauty came to it in dower when it gave its hand to Christianity. Christianity it was that stripped the weeds from that garden of Paganism, broke its statue of Priapus, and delivered it smiling and fair to the nations for their pleasure-ground. She found Mars the type of brute violence, and made of him the god of valour. She took Venus, and made of her the type of Beauty,—Beauty, which the average heathen hardly knew. There is no more striking instance of the poetising influence exerted on the ancient mythology by Christianity than the contrast between the ancient and modern views of this goddess. Any school-boy will tell you that she was the goddess of love and beauty. “Goddess of Love” is true only in the lowest sense, but “Goddess of Beauty?” It exhibits an essentially modern

attitude towards Venus, and would be hard to support from the ancient poets. No doubt there are passages in which she is styled the beautiful goddess; but the phrases are scarcely to my point. If, reader, in the early days of the second Empire, you came across a writer who described the Empress Eugénie as "the beautiful Empress," you would hardly be fair in deducing from *that* his devotion to her as the Empress of Beauty. No; when Heine, addressing the Venus of Melos, called her "Our Lady of Beauty," the idea, no less than the expression, was centrally modern. I will go further. It was centrally Christian.

To the average pagan, Venus was simply the personification of the generative principle in nature; and her offspring was Cupid, —Desire, Eros—sexual passion. Far other is she to the modern. To him she is the Principle of Earthly Beauty, who being of necessity entirely pure, walks naked and is not ashamed, garmented in the light of her unchanging whiteness. This worship of Beauty in the abstract, this conception of the Lady Beauty as an all-amiable power, to register the least glance of whose eye, to catch the least trail of whose locks were worth the devotion of a life,—all this is characteristic of the Christian and Gothic poet, unknown to the pagan poet. No antique singer ever saw Sibylla Palmifera; no antique artist's hand ever shook in her pursuit.⁴ The sculptors, I suspect, had known something of Sibylla, in the elder days, before Praxiteles made of the Queen of Beauty merely the Queen of Fair Women. The Venus of Melos remains to hint so much. But, besides that Greek sculpture is virtually dead and unrevivable in civilized lands, I do not purpose in this narrow space to deal with subjects so wide as Sculpture or Art. Suffice it if I can suggest a few of the irreparable losses to Poetry which would result from the supersession of the Christian by the Pagan spirit.

⁴ Philosophers and "dreaming Platonists," perhaps, had scaled her craggy heights after their own manner, but none will pretend that Platonic dreams of the "First and Only Fair" were the offspring of Paganism. Rather were they a contravention of it.

If there are two things on which the larger portion of our finest modern verse may be said to hinge, they are surely Nature and Love. Yet it would be the merest platitude to say that neither the one nor the other, as glorified by our great modern poets, was known to the singers of old. Their insensibility to landscape was accompanied and perhaps conditioned by an insensibility to all the subtler and more spiritual qualities of beauty; so that it would hardly be more than a pardonable exaggeration to call Christianity (in so far as it has influenced the arts) the religion of beauty, and Paganism the religion of form and sense. Perhaps it is incorrect to say that the ancients were indifferent to landscape: rather they were indifferent to Nature. Cicero luxuriates in his "country," Horace in his Soracte and fitful glimpses of scenery; but both merely as factors in the composition of enjoyment: the bees, the doves of Virgil are mere ministers to luxury and sleep. "The fool," says Blake in a most pregnant aphorism, "The fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees." And assuredly no heathen ever saw the same tree as Wordsworth. For it is a noteworthy fact that the intellect of man seems unable to seize the divine beauty of Nature, until moving beyond that outward beauty it gazes on the spirit of Nature: even as the mind seems unable to appreciate the beautiful face of woman until it has learned to appreciate the more beautiful beauty of her soul. That Paganism had no real sense of the exquisite in female features is evident from its statues and few extant paintings: mere regularity of form is all it sees. Or again, compare the ancient erotic poets, delighting in the figure and bodily charms of their mistresses, with the modern love-poets, whose first care is to dwell on the heavenly breathings of their ladies' faces. Significant is it, from this point of view, that the very word in favourite use among the Latin poets to express beauty should be "*forma*," form, grace of body and line. When Catullus pronounces on the charms of a rival to his mistress, he never even mentions her

face. "Candida, longa, recta;" that is all: "She is fair, tall, straight."

But the most surprising indication of this blindness to the subtler qualities of beauty is the indifference of the ancient singers to what in our estimation is the most lovely and important feature in woman—the eye. This may have some connection with their apparent deadness to colour. But so it is. In all Catullus there is only a single *indirect* allusion to the colour of Lesbia's eyes. There is, to the best of my recollection, no such allusion at all throughout Tibullus, Propertius, or Ovid. This one fact reveals a desert of arid feeling in the old erotic poets which a modern imagination refuses to traverse. In the name of all the Muses, what treason against Love and Beauty! Why, from the poetical Spring of Chaucer to the Indian-Summer of Mr. William Morris, their ladies' eyes have been the cynosure of modern love-poets!

"Debonair, good, glad, and sad,"
are the admirably chosen words in which Chaucer describes his Duchess' eyes; and this is the beautiful passage in which Mr. Morris sets *his* lady's eyes before us:

"Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully;
Beata mea Domina!—
So beautiful and kind they are,
But most times looking out afar,
Waiting for something, not for me.
Beata mea Domina!"

The value which Mr. Morris' master, Rossetti, had for this feature in feminine attraction is conspicuous. Witness his Blessed Damozel, whose

"—Eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

In his mistress' portrait he notes

"The shadowed eyes remember and forget."

Tennyson has his

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but ed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity."

And almost all his heroines have their characteristic eyes: the Gardener's Daughter, violet, Amy of Locksley Hall, hazel,

"All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes ;"

Enid, meek blue eyes, and so on.

Wordsworth, again, notes his wife's

"Eyes like stars of twilight fair ;"

and has many a beautiful passage on female eyes. Shelley overflows with such passages, showing splendid power in conveying the idea of *depth*: the following is a random example ;

"———deep her eyes as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof."

Will any one forget the eyes of the dreaming Christabel ?

"Both blue eyes, more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear."

One could multiply instances ; but take as a last one those magnificent eyes of De Quincey's *Mater Suspiriarum* ; "Her eyes were filled with perishing dreams, and wrecks of forgotten delirium."

Again, what a magnificent means of characterisation—especially in personification—do our poets make of the eye. Could anything be more felicitous than Collins' *Pity*

"With eyes of dewy light ?"

And equally marvellous is Shelley's epithet for sleep ;

"Thy sweet child sleep, the *filmy-eyed*."

Yet all this superfluity of poetic beauty remained a sealed fountain for the pagan poets ! After such a revelation it can excite little surprise that, compared with Christian writers, they lay little stress on the grace of female hair.

But, after all, the most beautiful thing in love-poetry is Love. Now Love is the last thing any scholar will look for in ancient erotic poetry.⁵ Body differs not more from soul than the *Amor*

⁵ It will not do to say that this was solely owing to the impossibility of what we call courtship in heathen society ; and that heathen love was post-nuptial. It is sufficiently apparent from Martial's allusions that the married poems of Sulpicia, styled and considered "chaste" because addressed to her husband, would have justly incurred among us the reproach of licentiousness in treatment.

of Catullus or Ovid differs from the Love of Dante or Shelley ; and the root of this difference is the root of the whole difference between this class of poetry in antique and contemporary periods. The rite of marriage was to the pagan the goal and attainment of Love—Love, which he regarded as a transitory and perishable passion, born of the body and decaying with the body. On the wings of Christianity came the great truth that Love is of the soul, and with the soul coeval. It was most just and natural that from the Christian poets should come the full development of this truth. To Dante and the followers of Dante we must go for its ripe announcement. Not in marriage, they proclaim, is the fulfilment of Love, though its earthly and temporal fulfilment may be therein ; for how can Love, which is the desire of soul for soul, attain satisfaction in the conjunction of body with body ? Poor, indeed, if this were all the promise which Love unfolded to us—the encountering light of two flames from within their close-shut lanterns. Therefore sings Dante, and sing all noble poets after him, that Love in this world is a pilgrim and a wanderer, journeying to the New Jerusalem : not here is the consummation of his yearnings, in that mere knocking at the gates of union which we christen marriage, but beyond the pillars of death and the corridors of the grave, in the union of spirit to spirit within the containing Spirit of God.

The distance between Catullus and the “*Vita Nuova*,” between Ovid and the “*House of Life*,” can be measured only by Christianity. And the lover of poetry owes a double gratitude to his Creator, Who, not content with giving us salvation on the cross, gave us also, at the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, Love. For there Love was consecrated, and declared the child of Jehovah, not of Jove ; there virtually was inaugurated the whole successive order of those love-poets who have shown the world that passion, in putting on chastity, put

⁶ An Anti-Christian in ethics. But the blood in the veins of his Muse was Christian. The spirit of his treatment of Love is—with few, if any, exceptions—entirely Christian.

on also ten-fold beauty. For purity is the sum of all loveliness, as whiteness is the sum of all colours.

And here the exigencies of space compel me to draw to a close. Else I would gladly have treated many points which I must perforce neglect. In particular, I would have made a detailed comparison between the treatment of the pagan Olympus by the ancients, and by the moderns with Keats at their head, in order to demonstrate what I have in these pages merely advanced. One point, however, I must briefly notice.

This is the false idea that a modern Paganism could perpetuate, from a purely artistic sense, the beauty proper to Christian literature: that it is possible for the imaginative worker, like the conspirator in Massinger, to paint and perfume with the illusion of life a corpse. For refutation, witness the failure of our English painters, with all their art, to paint a Madonna which can hang beside the simplest old Florentine Virgin without exhibiting the absence of the ancient religious feeling.⁷ And what has befallen the loveliness of Catholicity would—in a few generations, when Christianity had faded out of the blood of men—befall the loveliness of Christianity.

Bring back then, I say in conclusion, even the best age of Paganism, and you smite beauty on the cheek. But you *cannot* bring back the best age of Paganism, the age when Paganism was a faith. None will again behold Apollo in the forefront of the morning, or see Aphrodite in the upper air loose the long lustre of her golden locks. But you *may* bring back—*dii avertant omen*—the Paganism of the days of Pliny, and Statius, and Juvenal; of much philosophy and little belief; of superb villas and superb taste; of banquets for the palate in the shape of cookery, and banquets for the eye in the shape of art; of poetry singing dead songs on dead themes with the most polished and artistic vocalisation; of everything most polished,

⁷ Rossetti is perhaps an exception. But he had the Catholic blood in his veins, and could not escape from it. His head might deny, but his heart worshipped.

from the manners to the marble floors ; of vice carefully drained out of sight, and large fountains of Virtue springing in the open air ;—in one word, a most shining Paganism indeed—as putrescence also shines.

This Paganism it is which already stoops on Paris,⁸ and wheels in shadowy menace over England. Bring back *this*—and make of poetry a dancing-girl, and of art a pandar. This is the Paganism which is formidable, and not the antique lamp whose feeding oil is spent, whose light has not outlasted the damps of its long sepulture. She who created Zeus and Here Phœbus and Artemis, Pallas Athene and the fair-haired Aphrodite, is dead, and lives only in her corruption ; nor have we lost by her death one scintillation of beauty. For the poetry of Paganism (with reference to England) was born in the days of Elizabeth, and entered on its inheritance in the days of Keats. But could Paganism indeed grow supple in her cere-cloths, and open her tarnished eyes to the light of our modern sun—in that same hour the poetry of Paganism would sicken and fall to decay. For pagan Paganism was not poetical.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

⁸ Paris, it may be said, is not scrupulous as to draining her vice underground. But it is kept underground exactly to the same extent as vice was in the Plinian days. Private vice is winked at with a decorous platitude about "The sanctity of private life." If evil literature is openly written, what Roman or Italian of Pliny's (the younger) day thought anything of writing "*facetiae*?" If indecent pictures are displayed in the windows, what, I should like to know, if photography had flourished under Rome, would have been the state of the shop-windows of Pompeii?

Memorials of Frank Leward:

EDITED BY CHARLES AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

Mr. Saunders to Bampton.

WOODBINE COTTAGE,
RYDAL WATER, WESTMORELAND.

MY DEAR AND LEARNED FRIEND.—I saw your name a short time ago among those who had been called to the Bar by Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, and I now write to offer you my congratulations. Buried here in this quiet lovely spot, the only link between me and the outer world is the following the career, as far as I can, of those whom in early years I helped in a humble way to educate ; and it cheers my solitude if any of them ever give me any sign that they have not quite forgotten poor old Saunders.

I need not tell you, my friend, how noble a profession that one you have entered on, I was going to say, is ; I will modify that statement, and say, may be made, and often has been made, by those who follow it worthily. I need not remind you of the splendid names that adorn the roll of English advocates—Lord Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, Somers, Holt, Mansfield, Erskine, and so many more of whom you know, I daresay, much more than I do, and of the part some of them played in “ Baffling crowned and mitred tyrants of yore.” Nor need I mention the names of those who disgraced their brethren ; nor how or why they came to do so. *You* need not be told of the high sense of honour, the unswerving integrity necessary to make the worthy lawyer, nor the almost universal knowledge required to form the perfect jurist.

I saw in the same paper that you had taken some prize at your Inn of Court, and I was rejoiced to see you take an interest in your new studies ; if you do that, *you* will be sure of success. In my younger days, I confess, I had myself an ambition to enter the forensic lists, but pecuniary circumstances at that time made me give up the idea. However, I have always taken interest in jurisprudence. As far as my little knowledge of the English system goes, it seems to me to be emphatically slipshod and unscientific ; admirably adapted, perhaps, to meet the varying phases of modern society and commerce, but wanting in a recognised foundation on which to build. I imagine, speaking with great diffidence, that a student's principal studies, before he begins the practice of the law, should be a work such as Justinian's Institutes, if he is lazy ; or the Pandects, if he is laborious, with some of the commentaries on them by either an Italian or Dutch civilian, of which, I believe, a great number exist. Of their respective value, I, of course, can give no opinion. Gibbon's forty-fourth chapter is the extent of my knowledge on the subject. If our judges and legislators had been trained in this way, or if such studies had formed only a small part of their training, it occurs to me that we might have had the science and precision of the French code broadened out, and strengthened and adapted to the vicissitudes of our rapidly changing era, by the peculiar temperament of the English Judicature, an adaptation which is the only legitimate boast of our present system of law. Perhaps you will laugh at my crude notions of what law ought to be, just as you used to be amused at some of my fanciful Greek derivations ; but come soon, as soon as your professional duties will allow, and talk over the matter.

I should like to talk, too, of another matter which lies very near and very heavily on my heart, of our old friend Frank. From such rumours as reach me here, I fear he has been greatly wronged. But how to apply a remedy, or what remedy to apply ? The fact that he thinks so little of monetary affairs should make

his friends look to it that he is not imposed upon. I fear he has not only been imposed upon, but something very much like swindled out of that which was his own, and by his relatives. Such a possibility seems hardly credible. But it is no use sitting here and calling people names ; I want to consult you as to what, if anything, can be done.

How he will take the other outrage on his affections and feelings I cannot tell. I could not help writing to him, but I am not sure he will not be angry at my writing, and possibly he will take no notice of my letter. He will sit, I fear, and brood over his wrongs, which he will feel too much even to complain of. There are some griefs too deep for human sympathy ; they can tell themselves only to the Christ. God grant his faith may let him find there that consolation I know he is in his solitary hut pitiably crying out for. It isn't to breed sheep and cattle, to grow corn and hay, that our dear boy has gone to New Zealand. It is to find out some outlet for the energetic push which could find no escape here. He knew not what to do in his home with its surroundings. I believe he sought hard, with all his carelessness, some scope for employment, and he found none.

“ Oh that indeed the arms were arrayed, oh joy of the onset !
Sound, thou trumpet of God, come forth, great Cause, to array us.
King and leader appear ; thy soldiers, sorrowing, seek Thee.”

This is the cry of half the world, and the other half, if it hears it, heeds it not. Does God hear it and heed it? that is the question—*Ecco il gran problema*. These are the thoughts which storm, like thunder of Mount Sinai, round my head as I, almost bereft of faith, take my solitary walks amongst the everlasting hills of Westmoreland ; and lo the Valleys, standing so thick with corn, they seem to laugh and sing, Grassmere and Rydal Water lying at my feet answer, Peace be with you—wait !

But Frank has been doubly wronged, for it has been done by those against whom he cannot complain, because of the very

heinousness of their treason, because their nearness of kin would make any complaint against them rebound, as it were, against himself. This is indeed a stifling sorrow. You remember Dante, in the 33rd canto of the *Inferno*, imagines, as one of the greatest punishments in lowest depths of hell, the misery of weeping while the cold freezes the tears before they are shed, so that the condemned there weep inwardly; you remember, "Weeping itself permits not here to weep."

"Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia,
Eil duol, che truova in su gli occhi rintoppo,
Si volve in entro a far crescer l'ambascia."

Now don't let this autumn pass without coming. A little rest after your labours at Westminster and on Circuit will do you good. A little unsophisticated innocent recreation may do you no harm after a London season. And if you wish it, I can offer you country walks in the purest mountain air, and even the companionship of some not unintellectual friends, if you want that, and if you do not despise us because we do not live in London, though when they do come to us we expect London barristers to teach us something, and so repay (one of us at least) the lessons they learnt when we were able to teach them in years gone by. Your very affectionate friend,

A. M. SAUNDERS.

July 3, 1845.

Bampton to Frank.

WOODBINE COTTAGE, RYDAL WATER.

September 3, 1845.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Here I am, sitting down to scribble away to you at New Zealand in this perfect little abode where reposes the best of men, after years of hard work and endeavour to instil, sometimes without very satisfactory results, into the minds of little boys the rudiments of Latin Grammar; while all the

time his heart was far away with Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and this his delectable cottage near Rydal Water. At any rate, he is now near the scenes of his various heroes' exploits. Wordsworth is still at the Mount, though Southey is gone, and so is Coleridge, but their memory haunts the place, and to our old friend renders it classic ground. Then there is Foxhow, not far off, where Arnold, greatest of schoolmasters lived; and Miss Martineau, prophetess of infidelity, is near at hand. The memory of the one assures him schoolmastering is the noblest work to which a man could have devoted his life; the other tries to certify his still wavering unbelief that no faith is better than the highest faith of all. As to the prophetess, I cannot help loving her, she is so nice and sensible, and so good, despite her infidelity. I don't suppose she will ever really persuade the human race that annihilation is to be preferred to immortality, nor that she herself, after her good kind virtuous life will not one day be received into some quasi-paradise.

Now to return to history. My last letter was so taken up with New Zealand and the New Zealand Co. debates, I had no time to tell you anything about myself. In Easter term last I was called to the Bar. This was achieved by entering in procession with about twenty other happy students about to be immortalised, into the awful ante-chamber of the Benchers. This ante-chamber for ordinary mortals one would have thought to be a chamber, and so it is, but not for the Benchers; to them, even with its Grinling Gibbons ("incomparable artist") carved mantel-piece, it is only an ante-chamber. There we mustered. The kind old gentleman before mentioned placed us, in gowns, white ties, and bands, in due position, and said, "As you stand now you will take precedence at the Bar." He then made a short speech, and concluded thus, "As you are now out of my hands, I bid you farewell, and hope you may all be successful," and so left us to that higher state of existence just about to dawn upon us, while he returned to deal again with poor

ordinary students. Dear old man, in my three years of studentship I had got very fond of him, as all students, barristers, and even benchers are at the Inner Temple. His great boast is that he knew several Lord Chancellors when they were students. No one quite knows how long he has been here nor how old he is ; one thing is certain, that he will last as long as the old Hall does—perfect specimen of the old-fashioned gentle official without pride or jealousy of those above him as he is without fear or reproach, mindful always of doing his work in the best way possible and in a way that will make all he has to do with as happy as he can.

But I am keeping the mighty potentates awaiting, and procrastinating on the threshold of the new life about to dawn upon us. Though for that matter they can afford to wait, "For they lie like gods beside their nectar." At length we filed into their sanctum, a splendid apartment, profusely lit by wax tapers ; ancient plate shone on the table, fruits rich and rare piled themselves up on crystal dishes, luscious and other wines went round. We were introduced to the assembled gods and stood mute round the festive conclave, "like ghosts come to trouble joy." The treasurer or head bencher for the year made a neat speech ; we were asked by the head butler what wine we would take. The wise amongst us said Madeira, and it *was* Madeira. Then as we stood, glass in hand, our senior, who had obtained a prize, after I may add a longer period of reading than I had, made our reply, and very well till at the end he thus concluded, "And when you are rotting in your graves, perhaps we shall be sitting in your places." This unfortunate peroration caused a slight murmur of disapproval from the gods. Some turned round and looked with astonishment at the audacious young man who had thus dared to remind them of that which many of them would fain forget, and it threw a dustified mustified air over the whole transaction. I who stood next the culprit could hardly restrain a smile, and a gentle titter ran through the standing array of neophytes.

Awful oaths of eternal fidelity to the Queen then followed, and others more awful in their stern denunciation of the Pope, and having sufficiently sworn against that ancient enemy of England we were bowed out, the gods appearing not sorry to be rid of us and especially of that harbinger of woe, who like the death's-head at Egyptian banquets had bid them remember even they must die. How many of those good old god-like souls will be sipping their wine there that day forty years hence? how many of us will be really sitting in their places?

Thus I became a full-fledged barrister, and next morning with wig and gown and bands already some time previously procured, proceeded to Westminster Hall, whose noble tribunals I ceased not to attend till the courts went to London. To London I followed them with ease, on Circuit with more difficulty. However, I was, on the motion of the leader, made a member of the mess of the old Northern Circuit, and joined at York.

At my first appearance at the Court in York Castle I had some sort of expectation that a frantic attorney might rush at me, as I entered, with a big brief, which, upon opening, just as the case was called on, should disclose a long course of systematic fraud and persecution by the other side against my new but unfortunate client, whom I by splendid eloquence, attracting the eyes of the court and of England, fascinating the judge on the bench and the ladies in the gallery, should wonderfully vindicate, and at the same time draw down upon myself glory honour wealth and renown. I was disappointed. On entering the court I found four learned gentlemen engaged in actual work, seventy or eighty barristers looking on all in the same plight and I daresay with the same hopes and many with the same expectations as myself. Through my stay of three weeks at York the same four gentlemen monopolised nearly the whole civil business of the assizes. It was Mr. C—— and Junior A—— for the plaintiff, Mr. D—— and Junior B—— for the defendant in one case, Mr. D—— and Junior A—— for the plaintiff and Mr. C—— with

Junior B—— for the defendant in the next. And so on, turn and turn about for days and days. To make the changes quite complete in one big case, the biggest at the assizes, Mr. C—— and Mr. D—— with Juniors A and B—— were all engaged for the plaintiff. One would have supposed in any other walk of life that here at any rate there would have been a chance for some glowing intellect of which there were many doubtless looking on in forced idleness quite as capable of doing as Mr. C—— or Mr. D—— or Juniors A and B—— and ready to enter the lists on the other side but no, two very big wigs, Mr. Attorney-General and Mr. Solicitor-General, were both brought down specially from London with enormous fees for the defendant. Certainly a learned serjeant and another Junior were with them, but they were dumb before the great men and never opened their lips. And by some strange rule, we who had thus been done out of our rights, our only opportunity of showing what was in us, and we all know we could have done better than either Attorney or Solicitor-General if we could only have got the chance of showing it, we had to invite them both to our mess and laugh at their jokes afterwards.

This mess is not an unpleasant part of Circuit. We dine in the large public rooms and have a very tolerably good dinner. We have our own cellar where has been stored up for many years the wine of the Northern Circuit, and we bring our own butler with us. The senior Queen's Counsel or serjeant present takes the head of the table, and the junior barrister who is called the recorder, sits at the other end. A good deal of mirth and jollity generally prevails. Various bar offences, breaches of bar etiquette, and such like, have different penalties. These offences are tried and the penalties adjudged at what is called a circuit court, which is generally held on the first or second day of the assizes immediately after dinner. The recorder prosecutes. If the unfortunate man against whom a charge is brought is condemned a fine of one guinea is the usual penalty inflicted; if

however he defends himself successfully his friends are so delighted at his acquittal that they are apt publicly to congratulate him on it ; a congratulation costs two guineas. All the fines go to the wine fund. Any act of puffery or quasi-puffery is indictable, thus leaving your wig at a barber's shop to be done up where it may possibly be seen by a passing attorney is gross puffery. Travelling in a public conveyance is an almost capital offence, so is entering an assize town before the judge. To get a red bag from Queen's Counsel, to get married, to get any appointment, all these are matters for congratulation.

One poor gentleman a friend of mine who had notoriously devoted years of hard work to a particular and very important case in which a fair and rich widow was his client, to whom my friend had been of signal service, but in whom it was rumoured he took more than a professional interest, was solemnly arraigned before this court for having thus taken advantage of his position. He defended himself with warmth, and refused to take the matter as a joke and showed how damaging such a charge even when meant only as a joke might be to him in many ways, so as he appeared to be in earnest he was acquitted. At the next circuit court he was indicted for *not* having taken advantage of so favourable an opportunity of gaining the lady's affections. To this, remembering his previous defence, he had nothing to say and was fined in a penalty of double the amount he would have had to pay if he pleaded guilty to the former charge.

After these dinners the grave bar often indulges in childish and innocent recreation, and not the greatest lawyer but the man with the best voice especially if he is clever at singing extemporaneous hits at his brother advocates becomes the hero of our postprandial amusements. I often notice the hardest worked are on these occasions the lightest hearted.

But dinners like assizes must come to an end at last. So after a pleasant three weeks I went to my uncle's, and thence found

my way on here. Good old Saunders is in some ways a different person from what he used to be. The free life and exercise among the hills, the greater opportunity of reading and seeing people other than schoolmasters has given his mind a larger horizon and the getting away from schoolmastering and the sway of old Pott, who is likely I hear soon to go whither his name imports, has caused it to take a bound into heights I never suspected it was capable of. He is the most pleasant companion. We take tremendous walks. He knows every spot about here worth seeing either for its scenery or its interest in other ways. We have visited Greta Hall where Coleridge lived for some time and set up a printing press, with which however he didn't print much, and where Southey lived and died, and Crosthwait Church where he lies buried. I have had long talks with Wordsworth or rather listened to him talking as he walks about his garden and shows his terraces and the spots where such and such a poem was written, and views which inspired this or that poetic thought. He can talk of little but himself and his poems and I doubt if he often thinks about much else. Now and then he breaks out into strains which show he must have had, and perhaps on occasions still has, great conversational power. He is over seventy-five, and the most benevolent perfect-looking gentleman I ever expect to see. He is full just now of a great tour through Yorkshire he is going to start on in a few days. It is astonishing what knowledge he shows about things in general when you can get him to talk of things other than himself, for he never seems to read and has hardly any books in his house.

Speaking of Wordsworth recalls to my mind the delicate De Quincey whom I should much have liked to meet here in the home of his happiest years; he is away now living at Edinburgh. You should read his charming sketch of Wordsworth's poetry just published in *Tait's Magazine*. Hartley Coleridge is still here living close at hand at the Nab Cottage lapped by the gentle wave of Rydal Water. I have been to see him several

times, and I met him once at the Mount. We have long talks of Oxford and especially of Oriel of which for one short year he was a fellow, and they turned him out. Poor old drunken Hartley Coleridge—much very much of a genius, much indeed of a poet, as weak as water, against him all the world—has been sinning nearly all his life. I can't help thinking the sons of such a one as his father was should if necessary be taken care of by the State, just as it gives pensions to great conquerors and mighty chancellors not for their own lives only but to their children after them. My pleasure here has been clouded by the sad news I had from an old friend at Oriel that there is now no doubt Dr. Newman has decided to leave us. The decision of such a one is irrevocable. I have had a dread for some time it must come to this but now it has come it is a shock to one's faith in the old Church of England that I have endeavoured to stick to and stick up for so long. I know his desire and heart-rending earnest struggle all through the last three years to find some honest and firm ground on which he could stay within her fold among those friends in whose love he lives, and parting from whom he must feel as though he was starting on a long weary journey in a foreign land, with none but strangers for companions with other ways and other thoughts and feelings different from those of the dear companions he must leave behind. His consolation is he knows he has striven with all the power of his logical mind and the fervour of his devoted soul to find the truth, and in his strong belief that in the new land whither he is bound there only this truth can be found, and that in going he fulfils the will of God.—Now fare thee well old friend, from yours

C. AUGUSTIN B.

Bob Olditch to Frank.

MAISTER FRANK,—I doo thankee for the ten pun note as missus give I as you sent an we bee trooly thankful to eer ow

you be a gettin on in them forein perts. Things aint a been a goin on strait like eer iver so long not rite sin you been gone away. Missus she be scared like an she go a moanin an a moanin about the place. We noed as ow you was to a been married to that eer nice lookin yung lady over by Berth were the missus praperty. I lay I well remember she wen we was over there years agoe an we sed as ow you was a carryin on wi eer then. Now Maister Frank u wont be angry wi old Bob as as noed u well iver sin u was a kid an you used to go about wi to see mi ones an such like an we used to like u all on us sarvints did. We keep tould pistol as u give me over the mantel mi missus she wont let none tuch it but er. Niggers this niggers just like tould bitch as you used to be fond on u were old Suso lord ow i remember that ere dog when you was a little kid taint that nigger as was er pup but ere pup we cant call it nigger afore tould maister as e tould we not to but be twixt ourseln like. Well now maister Frank as i was a goin to say we allers think o u as a yung genelman tho it be a mity long time sin u been gone away to them savage perts so u wont be angry like at wat i be a goin to say. Well things beant a going on rite an square like an wen the yung maister camed ome e an tould maister an the yung lady as you was a going to marry so we eered tell we didnt think it all squar particlar as we eered to as u ad been done out o the foine praperty as goed rite to missus from eer mama an as foine a lady as iver was an as give i one poun wen we was there. Ole mother Vamperly she up and let out as we seed the cerridge a drivin up wi tould maister an yungun an is yung ladi our missus didnt stare out for that eer wedin not she she sat like a goast up in eer room al the time as they was gone an mi missus she were up arter tould sow as ad 13 in a litter al that nite an she seed our missus a sittin at er winder in er nite gownd an lookin for all the world like a mad thing so she sed well as i was a goin to say ole mother Vamperly she flinged er ole spare arms about cuss o God

on yer she cried out as they was a gettin out o that eer cerridge cus o God be on yer for takin the maister Frank's yung lady sed she as bold as culd be an u bee a trien to take is praperty too sed she but ye casnt doot its hareabel praperty it be an take it if u can an yung maister ell be a comin ome and get it fram ye yet an the yung lady too cuss o God be on yer sed she an all the like on yer ud be a takin the poors bred out o there mouths I de as leeve be the scrapins an the leevins o the warld as sich as u be said she Lord forgi er for speekin so o the quality. Now that yung lady she looked as pale as deth wen she eered al that an i thought as ow shed been a goin to drap but ould maister e eld er up an I seed is and a shakin an yung maister ee went a smilin an a smilin as tho ee didnt care nowt about nothink. Now some as eered old mother a sayin all that began to tittle round were i were a standin an one e sed gi it em mother an tould maister ee looked rowned like an e seed me an e scowled an next day e says to me Robert says e e allas calls i robert Robert says e you can go says ee i sarved u faithful these thrutty eer says i an be i to go like that yes says e like that. Missus next day she tells i as ow we was to ave the little cottage up the ill but as ow the maister wont let we wark for ee about the place no more an ees got a smart sort o chap from Lunnon so we be a bit put about but eer we be an missus she be very koind and offen she brings we things an money an now sheve brort the ten pun as u send from them foren perts out yonder an says as ow u be a gettin on furst rate. Now maister Frank we be shut o this place an we eer tell as ow a man can make is 9 or 10 shillin a day out yonder or can git is own land an is boys can git wark as well now me an mi 3 boys culd git on a bit if we camed out yonder. But may be youll be a comin ome to claime yourn soon an rite gled wel be to see ye for we do luve ye dearly maister Frank an no time as can iver come ull make we to forget yer an they doo say as ow that eer praperty o the missus mamma be hareabel an as yung maister

Arter ee cant tuch toot. There be lawyer Bluck in town ee be clever e be an gets the poor people there rites but ee do take a site o money ee do now if it be money for lawyer Bluck there be a gude few poor folk eer as ood like to see ye rited an if it cost ten pun or 20 pun theyd sell there bits o things to see ye rited an weed reather stay eer than go to them savage perts were they say as ow they eets men. My missus ood be ritin too ee too but she baint no scholard like i not she an i been an forgot most wat i larned. Maister Frank we allus thinks o u as a foin yung genelun tho may be u be a grate genelum now but u wont be ard on me for wat i rote i now remain your affectionate sarvint

ROBERT OLDITCH leastways

Bob as was

Frank to Bampton,

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, *Feb.* 1847.

MY DEAR BAMPTON—I feel your kindness in writing so often and giving me so many details of your life. I know you do it in hopes that it will take my thoughts away from myself God knows they are sad enough and could not be taken from a more wretched individual. Though I don't write often its not because I don't think about you. About the only thing I look forward to is hearing all about you and how you are getting on. Its some consolation to find every one is not so miserable as I am.

Don't be discouraged about briefs they'll come fast enough too fast soon I expect I shall see you Attorney-General of England yet I know, I suppose that's the height of your ambition. As for me I've no ambition. I go on doing what I've got to do in a poor sort of way. Its the same thing year after year. Our places are improving by degrees but at any time the Maoris might get troublesome and do us a lot of harm. It wouldn't be our fault if they did nor theirs either. They are sometimes shamefully treated and robbed by the English you cant wonder

at their retaliating sometimes. If one tribe is badly used at one end of the Island they know of it all over the place directly and though we have got on very well with those about us I can see some of them look suspicious sometimes. We are the first Pakehas who have been in this part and they think we have come to make way for a lot more. Still if you do them a little kindness they are awfully grateful. I believe I might walk out of my place and be away for weeks and come back and find everything there just as I left it.

My partner wants me to buy him out he thinks he could do better right down in the South where they are opening up some very good land. I suppose I shall have to raise the money and take the whole place over and live quite alone. I could easily get the money from the Bank but we already owe a lot and the interest is so high it takes away most of our profit. However I shouldn't like to keep him here if he wants to go so I suppose before long I shall be left alone to muse on nature by myself. You may well talk about the fresh breezes its a wonderful place for them. You never saw such a place as Wellington where Im staying just now for wind its blow blow blow all the year round. I shall be sorry to lose Johnson though we havn't much in common hes not a bad sort of a fellow. All his talk and all the talk of every one here in Wellington is wool wool its the one perpetual subject of conversation that and grumbling at everything.

That debate at home did us a lot of good. The new Governor Cap. Grey is a fine fellow stands no nonsense from the missionaries or any one else. He's a liberal-minded energetic sort of man if he had only been here before things would have been very different. Theres a jolly old French priest comes along here sometimes. He left France Lyons I think some years ago he and about a dozen more they've done a lot with the Maoris. They scarcely know a word of English but speak Maori quite well. We couldn't get on much together in either French or English so we always talk Maori together. Doesn't it seem rum

two people Pakehas as they call us coming from two places so near together in Europe and having to talk together in the unwritten language of these poor people. You may call it unwritten but these French priests have translated their prayers and hymns and things in Maori and taught a lot of them to read it and learn them off by heart. It did seem odd when I went with the Frenchman to the pah near our place and he had his service in the big whare where they meet to have their councils and big feasts and their sort of religion surrounded by the most curious carvings you ever saw awfully rough and ugly and a lot of them with meanings I suppose the good priest didn't understand for the Maori has a different sort of idea of what's proper and what isn't to what we are supposed to have. They went in for the prayers pretty well a few awfully religious and they sang out the hymns and things like anything to their own tunes some of them rather pretty tunes but when he began to preach the children began larking about the women began suckling their babies and the chiefs lay flat down on the ground and went bang off to sleep and snored loud enough to wake the dead there was no mistake about their being asleep and no rotten pretence they weren't asleep. The young fellows went bolt outside and stopped there yarning when they had enough of the sermon and didn't come back till the singing began again and then they came in like a shot. The old priest went on and didn't take any notice of it but cut his sermon rather short. He is a good old fellow perfect gentleman and although he's lived so long among them just like one of them and has to wash his own things he's as gentle and polite in his ways as though he'd lived all the time in a big town. I met the French Bishop in Auckland when I was there Monsignor Pompalier I think his name is an awfully polite hospitable old man I used to like to see him he looked so jolly and did a tremendous lot of good. But the man I like best of all out here is Bishop Selwyn my Bishop I call him to the French priests he's an awfully fine fellow. He was staying at our place lately he

hadn't been in that part before and I took him right away up the country and had tremendous long yarns with him. I didn't say much about his missionaries to him nor he to me but I don't think he cares much about some of them. He's as strong and active as a well-bred horse and all the go in him of one. He's as different as possible to the whimpering missionaries. You should see him take off his toggery do it up on his back and swim a river and some of these rivers are no joke to swim over. The worst of it was when he went away I'd got to like him awfully I thought I could do any mortal thing for him but you can't tell a man that well. It was the best time I've had for a long time when we were riding about together he can ride like anything. There was something to look at in him and listen to as different as possible to what there is in most of the people out here. I should like to have given the whole thing up and gone after him when he went away.

I think your friend Buller is too hard on the Maoris they are much better than people think. I have changed my mind about them a good deal. It's very difficult for outsiders to understand them. If you cheat them, they'll cheat you if whites lie to them they'll tell you lies. Pakehas sold them gunpowder which they're very anxious to get and give a lot for and put powder at the top and sand all the way down. Maoris couldn't understand it at first but when they found they were being done they began to cheat the Pakeha. And so it goes on. We killed and outraged a lot of them and they retaliated but never began it. They are perfectly just among themselves and if any one of them does do anything they think wrong they punish it directly. The tribe you see is something like a big family with a lot of land and servants in common if one happens to make anything or gets some money by working for the Pakeha all the rest of the tribe think they've a right to share it with him. So some people who don't understand them think they're thieves among themselves. They are awfully pure and good in that way among

themselves. Its hardly known that any of them interfere with another's wife if one does the two are both killed straight off. The only thing I cant get over among them is the careless way they treat the old ones their father and mother. When they get old they turn them out to do as well as they can for themselves. I saw an old couple one day half starved living in a beastly sort of place trying to get fern roots to eat and I said to one of their sons why dont you look after your father better all he said was "Oh he too old he no good." As to their intelligence Buller isn't quite fair. Put a Maori boy and an English boy to school together and you'll find the Maori boy will learn much quicker. Some have been tried and got on wonderfully but they always go back after a bit to their wild way of living. I darsay they're right taking it altogether, anyhow they're happy and jolly all day long and awfully healthy.

Do you know Ive got awfully studious. Ive a Shakespeare and one or two more books and I read like anything. I want you to send me an Italian dictionary and grammar and one or two Italian books. I promised Bishop Selwyn I would do something of the sort and I dont care about French it's too fiddle de de if you know what that is. Saunders is always at me to read Dante. Poor old Saunders I was awfully glad to hear your account of him, he sent me the kindest letter you ever read a long time a go and Ive never answered it I will some day I wish he would write again.

It isnt often I can rouse myself up to write and now Ive done it I feel all the better for it, and perhaps you will wonder when Im going to stop. Mind if they dont soon make you Attorney General at home you come out here. There's a lot of work for a good lawyer they say and you would soon get to the top, and when they begin to govern themselves as I expect they will some day you would be head of the lot I know. Now I must shut up.—Yours always old man,

F. LEWARD.

P.S. I had almost forgotten what I wanted to ask you or at

least I didn't know how to do it, to get me some news of my mother. I have not heard for so long I don't know what has happened. The only news I have had was from our old man Bob and that nearly drove me mad I think I was mad for some time afterwards. I could only rush out by myself and stay out in the bush all night.

(To be continued.)

Homer.

LO! Very far away, like evening bells
 At the sun's setting, from the darkening years
 Come love, and love's old purity, and tears,
 And man to man strong-faced ; such thought as wells
 From earth's first life ; I hear the din of lying,
 I hear strange sounds, and tumult, and the hell
 Of hydra-headed mob that barks its knell,
 Through which the music of thy song undying
 O only glory ! is as sweet and clear
 As when, first heard in some old firelit hall,
 From the strong harp it called the memory dear
 Of deed, and death, and fiery trumpet-call,
 And told the story of the laughing tear ;
 When, strongly warring with thy trembling lips,
 Old to the old, thou brought'st the far times near ;
 And sang'st the battle round the hollow ships,
 The while Odysseus bent his hoary head to hear.

HILARY BELLOC.

Reviews and Views.

WE have presented to our readers, from time to time, portraits of the Pontiff sufficient by now to fill almost a little gallery. In the special Jubilee number there were five. Long ago, we reproduced Mr. Thaddeus's now well-known portrait; and only last month, the masterly sketch by Franz Lenbach—perhaps the greatest of contemporary painters. This month we complete the collection by a characteristic likeness of his Holiness when he was Archbishop of Perugia, which is a fit frontispiece for a most interesting little volume, written by his Holiness at that period, and just issued from Messrs. Burns and Oates's press. Away in his cell at Monte Cassino, Father Jerome Vaughan has been busy with *The Practice of Humility*, translating into his own vigorous vernacular English the glowing, lingering Italian of Archbishop Pecci. Father Jerome Vaughan has just paid a brief visit to Rome, whither, no doubt, he will presently return to lay in person at the feet of his Holiness this tribute of his filial devotion and his apostolic skill.

It would be too much to expect that every year, or even one year in three, should show a definite character in our exhibitions; new movements, or fairly fresh movements, are not so common. In the course of the enormous production, therefore, which is fostered by the system of annual exhibitions, we must be resigned to look for a great multiplication of quantity rather than for a new quality. Nevertheless, it is with something like an ungrateful dismay that we prepare every May for facing a mass of pictures new in no sense except that of a re-arrangement of the little material in the painters' hands. Perhaps if

these artists "went to nature" a little more directly, their work would have something of her infinite variety, which custom cannot stale. Whether custom cannot stale the manner of our painters is a question all too easily answered. Somehow the cleverest and most enterprising of them defeat themselves. They have tried too much to make their works distinct, characteristic, all their own, unhackneyed. The unexpected result is that they weary us with the effort become habitual, a thing we know by rote and anticipate without pleasure. Before the Academy opens we can shut our eyes and create the Millais, the Orchardsons, the Petties, the Albert Moores, the Boughtons, the Richmonds of the season. That Mr. Pettie will paint armour and blue satin this year whereas he painted jerkins and white satin last year; that Mr. Orchardson will study his lamplight on a window in 1888 whereas he studied it on a table-cloth in 1886—these are varieties which certainly we cannot foretell, but they are of no interest. All that is to the purpose we know, and do not need to see. And it is not too much to say that everything fresh, distinct, and living, exhibited in the London galleries this year has been done by young painters who have worked, with science and with simplicity, in the study of truth. From them and from the contributions of a few foreign painters comes all the interest of the Academy, and of the New English Art Club, which they share with the Impressionists, real and sham. The New Gallery has mediævalism not indeed for its general tone but for its distinctive note; and the Grosvenor Gallery, having no note at all, is to be remembered chiefly by the accident of its possessing unusually good and numerous examples of the very beautiful minor landscape work of Mr. Alfred East and Mr. David Murray. The Academy, then, having the freshest and most vivid of new movements best represented on its walls, is the most interesting of the exhibitions. What it would have been without Mr. Bramley, Mr. Hall, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr.

Adrian Stokes, and the rest of the Newlyn contingent, cannot be surmised without depression.

Sir John Millais has seldom done himself less justice than this year, his "Murtly Moss" at the Academy having, with much accurate fact in the foreground of the landscape, a most unworthy sky, while his "Forlorn" at the New Gallery is so common and inelegant in execution that a certain vigour of attack and brilliance of colour which it has are all discounted. Sir John Millais learnt his art in days before execution, as we look for it now, was thought of. The consequence is that his work, in spite of the many qualities it has, looks undistinguished; its handicraft lacks style, and nowhere more conspicuously than in the red cheeks and red dress of "Forlorn." Mr. Alma Tadema, in "The Roses of Heliogabalus" at the Academy, has chosen a silly incident—a practical joke which can never have amused anybody, and some of the silliness has got unfortunately into the artist's rendering. He has done work altogether unique for beauty, completeness, colour, and light, and his failure this year is to be confessed with reluctance. After all you cannot paint a detestable and gross young Emperor, surrounded by unpleasant-looking favourites playing an imbecile prank, and make a charming picture of it: which Mr. Alma Tadema has proved fully. At the New Gallery he exhibits a little Roman interior, shaded from the blinding sun but not from the universal light—"He loves me, he loves me not"—which is lovely, shining, and complete. It is obvious that this painter should avoid large canvases. So indeed should most of our present artists—a truth very sadly illustrated by Mr. Britten, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Jacomb Hood, and Mr. John Reid at the Grosvenor. Painters of little, leisurely, graceful, true, delicately compassed things, they have all had the infelicitous ambition to work on a large scale this year; and moreover Mr. Reid and Mr. Britten have tried dramatic emotion and action to which they had generally been

understood to be opposed in theory, and which they certainly cannot compass in practice. Those principles, of which we have heard so much, that disclaim for painting the mission of expressing passion or movement, should be generally adopted, as good policy if not good æsthetics. We are so grateful to artists who do finely, truthfully, and with knowledge and charm the quiet things they are capable of—so grateful to them for superseding the vulgar narrative pictures of an older time, that we shall not question their theories. But all the more do we welcome the few who know how to join excellent technical methods to a capacity for pictorial drama. Mr. Bramley, in his "Hopeless Dawn," has carried beauty of execution, simplicity, brightness, and exquisite truth of illumination to the highest point, and in the figures of the fisherman's mother and wife at the end of their night-long watch at their little grey window, has shown his power of poignant emotion and strong action. His picture, by a young hand, unnoticeable, as far as we know, until last year, is for the qualities rarest on the Academy walls—simplicity of intention, science of method, and emotional power—the foremost subject-picture of its year.

To the same school as Mr. Bramley—the school that studies everything on the spot, and aims principally at truth of light on various surfaces and on several planes—belong also Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Hall, whose work this year is admirable. Both have studied a little grey window letting in daylight upon a dark interior. In the "Village Philharmonic" Mr. Forbes has contrasted, with the most beautiful truth and moderation, this pearly daylight with the soft illuminations of lamps. The vulgarest perhaps of all pictures painted in the vulgar times gone by dealt with this combination which has now come to be treated with infinite self-restraint and delicacy. Mr. Hall has taken for his motto Lord Tennyson's old verses "The Goose," which give him a cottage interior—a whole study of demi-tones—exquisitely

valued light, and a very beautiful object to paint beautifully, the egg which the cackling goose has dropped and which glows with its smooth gold in the half light. Mrs. Adrian Stokes exhibits her delightful picture of children, studied with singular directness and simplicity, to several of the galleries, some of her best work being at the British Artists. And the foremost landscape of the young school—Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Upland and Sky"—is also one of the best pictures of the year.

There is, we believe, a rule in the constitution of the Royal Academy that members and associates should not exhibit their works in any gallery except their own. The law, though unrepealed, is wisely ignored, but it is decidedly irregular that an associate should send his work entirely elsewhere. Mr. Burne Jones, who never exhibited at the Academy and whose election was a gratuitous and rather officious compliment, did as A.R.A. send one picture to Burlington House, but has sent no more. His "Perseus and Andromeda," at the New Gallery, and his "Tower of Brass" have all the well known beauties and faults—drawing more careful than learned, dull but harmonious colour, and the feminine character which comes curiously and not pleasantly into subjects of action like the onslaught of Perseus on the dragon. Mr. Burne Jones should keep steadily to such motives as that of his beautiful "Sleeping Beauty" designs in black and white, hung in the balcony of the New Gallery. Mr. Shannon, well represented at the Grosvenor, has his *chef d'œuvre* in Regent Street—the brilliant portrait of Mrs. Williamson in beaded black tulle, so masterly a piece of work that it is hard to realize how young is the painter's reputation. Mr. Stott's "Homewards"—very slightly drawn but beautifully lighted cow-herd and calves in early twilight with the West still glowing upon them; Mr. East's "Winter Moonrise;" Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Vendetta" at the New Gallery, and his very lovely sea-side

landscape at the Grosvenor are also among the pictures of the year.

And to close with a picture which is, in respect of its thoughtfulness and high refinement, perhaps the chief picture of the season, Sir Frederick Leighton's "Captive Andromache," it is evident that the President has done nothing more deliberately and completely beautiful. His flesh-painting and his arrangement of attitude are such indeed as to preclude those imperfections and irregularities that are conditions of the real world. His figures must need be all in their first youth, for he cannot admit a wrinkle or any sign of time or history in a human face; and there is none but the most elaborate accident in his draperies. In a branch of lilies, nature does not allow the bud at the top to unclothe until one or two of the flowers below are touched with various degrees of delicate wrinkles and soft fading of their tints. And the human family, which is a plant in growth, has all that inevitable and tender variety of date, development, and decay. Sir Frederick Leighton presents a smoother world; but his artificiality never offends, it is so dignified and so removed from mere trivial beauty. And though his art is purely decorative, it is none the less informed with a purpose addressed to the mind as well as to the eyes. "Andromache" is tragic, although the emotion it expresses is subordinate to a minute decorum of composition and pose. Amongst the most beautiful passages in the picture is the central glimpse of landscape with the towering sky above, a white cloud being in beautiful harmony with a white wall in perspective to the right. Technically considered and otherwise "Andromache" is serious and worthy work.

The following "Anti-Proem" comes to us from a reader of the "Universal Review," who has been a little longer than some of us in finding out the real place to be assigned—certainly not among poets—to a much read author of rhymed commonplace:

I looked, and thought to read a Poem,
 For it was signed with a name I knew ;
 But then I saw 'twas something new,
 In fact a "Proem."

I struggled hard my yawns to smother.
 E'en though by "Lewis Morris" signed
 I really could not bring my mind
 To read another.

So woman's brain is "agile"—Well !
 And man's wit "slow"—what shall we say
 Of Poets who to us to-day
 Such home-truths tell ?

Who tell us that the "stream of thought,"
 "Turbid"—"in broken channels" flows.
 Is it perchance the Poet knows
 How thoughts are wrought ?

Or can it be *such* thoughts are mine
 And Poets' thoughts alone run clear ?
 If so, I am—I greatly fear
 A Philistine !

Yes, Poet, yes ! *All* have their "Part"
 [Write "Part" with big P if you will]
 But stage-tricks are but stage-tricks still—
 Tricks and not Art.

When Poets speak, they surely ought
 To tell us things unknown before,
 Something *worth* saying—metaphor
 Alone is nought.

Should *one* talk nothingness and shew it
 By empty, windy wordiness,
 We say in utter weariness,
 "This is no Poet."

When Poets teach us, we are glad—
 We listen with all gratitude—
 But when they deal in platitude
 'Tis passing sad.

Oh, Lewis Morris ! Seek the pen
 Which served both thee and us so well,
 Which in grand Epic portrayed Hell,
We'll hear you then !

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3-inch Ivory-handle Table Knives	per dozen	0 15 0	0 1 0	0 7 0
3½ ditto ditto to balance	1 1 0	0 16 6	0 7 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 4 0	0 17 0	0 8 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 8 0	1 3 0	0 8 0
4 ditto ditto ditto	1 12 0	1 2 0	0 8 0
4 ditto fine ditto ditto	1 16 0	1 6 0	0 10 6
4 ditto ditto ditto African	2 2 0	1 14 0	0 15 0
4 ditto ditto ditto Silver Ferrules	2 2 0	1 14 0	0 18 0
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